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FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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Empty.

Your cosy crib is in the corner yet;
I sit and watch it, just as day is dead.
You cannot press again, my vanished pet,
Its pillow with your drowsy golden head.

You cannot reach plump arms to get my kiss,
Or dart about with rosy, naked feet,
Babbling soft syllables of that and this,
A tiny night-gowned fairy, blithe and sweet.

Once and for all you have lain down to rest,
Not to rise up because of birds or beams,—
Once and for all, with white flowers on your breast,
To slumber coldly and to dream no dreams.

Empty the home where frolicsome and fair,
Your precious presence made so bright a part;
Empty your little crib, your clothes, your chair,
But emptiest of all your mother's heart!

Nothing Cares.

Ay, nothing cares; the buds peep out
Through the glory of waving grasses;
The lime-tree flings its passionate breath
To the light wind as it passes.
The roses cluster, crimson and white,
In affluent glow and bloom;
The sunshine lends its careless light
To the cradle and the tomb.
The wild birds sing 'mid the wedding chimes,
Or the mourners' sobbing prayers;
The seasons keep their stated time,
Life passes; nothing cares.

Our joy cannot soften the keen gray skies,
Or the sting of the glittering frost;
Our cry cannot sadden the Spring's sweet sighs
On the merry breezes tossed;
Our woe does not cloud the Summer's flush,
As it gladdens o'er land or sea;
Our triumph sinks down when the Autumn hush
Claims its grave tranquillity.
Oh! never a touch of sympathy
Great Nature's magic wears;
We strive and stumble, and moan, and die;
Life passes; nothing cares.

Oh! love them, while our days are bright,
Beauty, and life, and flowers;
Let them give our Summer added light,
Let them bless our few bright hours;
And when the certain shadows creep
Over the path we go,
Let us turn away from it all and weep,
And bear, as we may, our woe;
Asking no comfort from outward things,
That but jar and mock our prayers,
For a bitter truth experience brings—
We die, and nothing cares!

VALERIAN'S LAST GIFT.

My darling stepped out from the little inn-window on the wooden balcony, draped with vine-leaves and heavy bunches of half-ripened grapes, which overhung the door of the *osteria*. It was a lapis-lazuli night, such as only known in Italy. Below us lay a great water, calm as the bay of contentment whereinto our lives had now glided. Stars trembled there, and the moon swung her full-fed lamp on the very edge of the ripple that washed the shore. There came a heavy odor of orange-blossoms from the gardens above us, blent with the less rare odor of tobacco from the pipes of ostlers and wayfarers seated around the door below. The murmur of their voices was all that broke the silence.

Between the *osteria* and the lake ran the dusty high-road, where the diligence half an hour ago had passed, and stopped there to change horses. But there was not much traffic saving a cart or two, oxen-drawn and laden with maize, and a curious old vehicle, half gig, half chaise, bearing a notary from the neighboring town to the bedside of some village Dives, cumbered in his last hours with the disposition of his wealth, (so the waiter informed me.) Saving for these the dust had slept undisturbed, in layers several inches thick, upon the road, during all the hours we had been there. And now the night had come, and even such unfrequent traffic would cease.

But, contrary to our expectations, as we stood there hand-in-hand upon the balcony, listening to a cicala in the dusty roadside grass and a frog in the water-weeds, and the hum of the smokers' voices below us, there fell on our ears the distant cracking of a post-poy's whip, with the familiar accompaniment of jingling harness. A minute more, and in the white moonlight we saw an open traveling-carriage coming rapidly toward us. There was a rush among the smokers to the front; the postilion worked up his whip to a state of frenzy as he neared his goal, and finally swung himself lightly to the ground, as he pulled up exactly under our window. The carriage was occupied by two persons—a gentleman and lady. The head of the *caleche* being thrown back, I could see the man's face very distinctly in the moonlight, which was as clear as day. I thought I recognized it; so, perhaps, did my companion, for she drew yet closer to me, and I felt her little hand tremble in mine. The doubt, if it was one, lasted but a minute; the lady threw back her vail; the small black-lace bonnet framed—it did not shroud—that carved ivory face on which the moonlight flooded. God forgive me! I had reasons to know it too well; and so had she who stood beside me. My poor little darling nestled close to me like a frightened dove, and she pulled me quickly back under the shadow of the vine-leaves, as she murmured—"O Valerian! that woman again! That woman *here*!"—

"My darling, what are you afraid of? She can do us no harm. Depend on it, she is not troubling her head about *me*."

"Why does she come here? Oh, Valerian, we were so happy!"

"Hush! Let us hear what they say."

"Bring out the *livre des etrangers*. We will see who has been passing this way." It was the gentleman who spoke.

"Just the romantic spot for a love-sick couple," laughed the lady; and her fine musical laugh fell on my ear like a discordant peal of bells. "I should not wonder if there was some one staying here."

We saw the greasy strangers' book handed to them by their courier, and the lady, by the light of the moon alone, turned over the pages and read the names written there. A dear little curly head was hidden on my breast, and a small voice whispered, plaintively:

"You won't go down to her? You won't see her? Promise me. She'll try to take you from me, as she did before. I shall die if you go, Valerian!"

"Never fear, darling. She bewitched me once; I was mad then, I believe. But have I not something better now? While I hold my treasure here in my arms, what to me are all the fairest women in the world?"

"Ah! you didn't think so once," she sobbed; "and I know nothing can resist her—nothing! Even now, you cannot take your eyes off her. Ah! Valerian, if she drags you away from me *this* time—"

I put my hand across her mouth, and listened with hungry eyes and ears.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the lady, clasping her hands and laughing. "Look here! —what a *rencontre!*—read this: '*Mons. Valerian, peintre Paris, avec sa femme.*' Only think of *his* being here! I have not seen him since he threatened to blow out his brains."

"Poor devil! You treated him very badly, Cora. Who did he marry?"

"O, some little English model, to whom he had been engaged for years—ever since he was a child. I wish her joy of him. Have you a mind to see them? Shall we stop the night here? You wanted a sketch of the lake; he shall make me half a dozen."

"That sort of fellow's a bore," said the gentleman, lighting his cigar. "Besides, you'll have to make the fellow believe you're in love with him again, in order to get your sketches: and it isn't worth it. How can you ever have found *anything* worth it? Gratified vanity, eh. You twisted him round your little finger, the young fool, all the time I was in Russia. Well, I hope you found it amusing. I always think society of that second-rate sort a nuisance."

"He was really very tolerable. The whole thing rather amused me, for a time —until he began to take it *au grand serieux*. When he grew dull and taciturn, talked of nothing but death and despair, of course I was obliged to shut the door in his face. It would rather interest me to see him again, though," added the lady, carefully buttoning her glove. "Let us send for him."

And this was the woman for whom, one short year ago, I would have laid down my life—for whose sake I had cast aside the treasure which, undeserving as I was, I had found nestling in my heart once more! Blind fool that I had been! Oh, for those wasted, worse than wasted, hours! I felt, in that moment, how one burning drop of shameful memory may embitter a whole cupful of present happiness. Else were there no justice under heaven; while faithful men, whose love has never swerved, are forever severed, this side the grave, from all they have best loved on earth. Was it my darling's avenging angel who had brought this couple here to-night, that my ears might testify to the baseness of her who had seduced me from my heart's first allegiance?

This is what I heard the husband reply:

"*Ma chere*, it would be dull work for me watching you try to rehook your fish. No doubt you would succeed—you always do. But I put it to you fairly—*est-ce que cela vaut la peine?* You, who have had emperors at your feet—you may leave your poor artist in peace at last, eh, to the miserable enjoyment of his model wife. She punishes him enough for his infidelity before marriage, depend on it."

"No doubt; and I should like to have seen my friend henpecked," replied the lady with a smile. "It was just because he was so different from all the men of one's own set that I amused myself with him, *mon cher*, during your absence. I knew you would never have tolerated him in the house—as he never plays *ecarte*; but as you were in Russia, it was rather an amusing change often all the *blases* men of the Jockey Club, to listen to this passionate sentimental painter, with his talk about christian art, and his enthusiasm about the color of one's hair and the turn of one's neck, and his utter absence of all conventionality. He was quite refreshing, I assure you, until he came to be a bore. By the by, you never saw the picture he did of me, in the dress I wore at the Princess Mathilde's *bal costumé?* If we stayed here the night——"

Here the fresh horses were brought out; and in the imprecations which accompanied the tugging at the rope harness and the shoving of the beasts into their places at the pole, I lost the remainder of this sentence.

"If I have my luck, before we return to Paris I'll send to the fellow and buy his picture," said the husband; but to-night, remember that Schwartzenheim is to meet us at Como."

"And he plays at *ecarte*!" I will get the mixture from Valerian, however without your buying it, *mon ami*."

"You shall not have long to wait," I murmured; and disengaging myself from the arms of my darling, who followed me, pale and bathed in tears, I entered our little room, and ran to a case which stood near the bed. Among a number of other miniatures was one half-finished, which I had not looked at for months. I seized a sponge full of water, and passed it several times across the hard, beautiful, white face, that looked out at me less and less distinctly, until nothing but the faintest shadow of a face was left. Then I wrote with my pencil across it: "Valerian's last gift." I ran into the balcony. They were just starting. The *padrone*, surrounded by his satellites, stood cringing and congeeing at the door; the postillion was already in his saddle, the courier climbing deftly into his rumble. I took my aim just as the whip went "crack" and the wheels, with a sudden jerk, began revolving; the bit of ivory dropped straight into her lap. She was startled, and looked quickly up. Our eyes met. I was leaning well over the balcony this time, with my arm around my angel's neck; and it was with no feigned fervor of passion that I pressed my lips to hers. The carriage was rolling out of sight in the moonlight and the dust, but I could just catch the scornful smile on that pale sculptured face, under its black lace bonnet, before a turn of the road hid the woman from me—for ever.

Yes, for ever on this side the grave; for I learnt that she is now dead. It was a painful, lingering end; some internal torture eating away her life, and with it her dearly-cherished beauty. What comfort had she in those last hours, when her husband was playing *ecarte* at his club, and her admirers had all deserted her, with no baby-fingers clasped about her neck, no children's voices to cheer the love forgotten silence? Was the solitary woman haunted by the memory of lives she had ruined, or hearts she had burned up and laid desolate?

Why have I written down the story o those few moments in a balcony? Because I look back to them with thankfulness, as to the crisis when my eyes were fully opened. I know myself. I know that until then, blinded by the woman's beauty, I never really saw her as she was. But for this, there had been times haply when I might have regretted that my little angel lacked the Athenian grace and brilliancy that in another exercised so fatal a spell over me. As it is, I thank God for the belpmate he has given me; for her sweet trusting nature, for the heaven of her face, which always brings me peace when I look into it. And when I see her baby curled like a rose-leaf on her bosom, and her two sturdy boys, who clean father's palette and mimic father's pictures in chalk upon the studio wall—ah! well, I say to myself, there is nothing the Schwartzenheim palace contains, nothing than poor dead woman's life ever compassed, that I would take in exchange for the joys my wife has given me!

A CASE OF CRUELTY.—Col. Freemantle of the Coldstream guards has furnished to the London *Times* a correspondence between himself and the Secretary of the Dublin and Glasgow Steam Packet Company which curiously illustrates the rigid adherence of the ordinary English official to regulations, and his incapacity to discover any circumstances which might sanction any deviation from them. Corporal Sinclair of the guards, while in the last stage of consumption was refused admittance into the cabin of one of the Glasgow and Dublin steamers, on the ground that it was against the rules of the company to allow a cabin passage to non-commissioned officers or private soldiers so long as they wear the Queen's uniform, although no objection is made to admit persons of the lowest grade in civilian dress. So the unfortunate man was obliged to take a steerage passage, the discomforts of which greatly aggravated the malady from which he was suffering. In reply to a remonstrance from Colonel Freemantle against this inhumanity, the Secretary of the company says that Corporal Sinclair was informed that if he would cover his uniform with a civilian overcoat he could obtain a cabin passage. But as the corporal possessed no such garment, the permission was of little avail, and he became a victim to red tape. The absurdity of the whole thing becomes apparent when it is considered that the shabbiest civilian in England could have obtained on this occasion what was denied to a brave and deserving veteran.

At a recent Lima exhibition a clock made by a Peruvian was exhibited, quite wonderful in its way. It was fifty feet seven inches wide. It marks the weeks, the seasons, years and centuries; it shows the courses of the sun and moon, hoists up and lowers daily the flag of Peru, and presents pictures commemorative of the great events in the history of Peru. It strikes the hours and quarters of hours, and plays certain tunes at stated periods.

A Kentucky Romance.

Not far from the forks of Elkhorn lived the pretty little widow Fauntleroy, and one of her nearest neighbors was General Peyton. The General had looked upon the little widow very much as he did upon his blooded horse Powhattan—"the finest horse, sir, in the Blue Grass region."

The pretty little widow Fauntleroy had been a widow more than a year, while the General, having a great regard for etiquette, had waited patiently for that time to elapse in order to declare himself. But the widow with her womans art, kept her lover at bay and yet kept him in her train. He had escorted her to this barbecue, and when returning had expressed his satisfaction at the prospect of General Combs and the success of the Whig party.

The widow took sides with the Democracy, and offered to wager her blooded saddle horse, Gypsey, or anything else on the place, against Powhattan, or anything else she might fancy on the General's place. The General's gallantry would not allow him to refuse the wager, which he promptly accepted. By this time they had reached the north fork of Elkhorn, and were about to ford it (bridges were not plentiful in those days) when John Peyton, the General's only son and heir, came up at a sharp gait behind them.

The widow turned and bowed to John, and rode on into the stream, but a little behind her companion. The east bank was very steep, and required the horses to put forth all their strength to reach the top with their loads. As luck would have it good, or ill, the widow's girth broke just at the commencement of the steep part. The lady, still seated on her saddle, slid swiftly back into the water, while her horse went up the bank like an arrow.

John Peyton leaped from his horse, and in an instant caught the floating lady and saddle, and, before the General had recovered from his astonishment, was at the top of the bank with his burden. The little widow was equal to the occasion, for she begged the General to ride on and stop her horse, which had now begun to understand his part in the mishap, and was beginning to increase his gait toward home.

The General did as he was bid, and soon returned with the horse. In the meantime John Peyton had secured his own horse, and when the General came back with the widow's horse she and John were laughing merrily over the ridiculous accident; but what further passed between them is only known to themselves.

John Peyton repaired the broken girth, fastened the saddle again on the horse, placed the lady in her seat, bade her good evening, mounted his horse, and taking another road down the Elkhorn, rode rapidly home, leaving the General to escort the widow.

It is not necessary to relate how he entertained his fair companion with ponderous anecdotes of Mr. Clay and other famous public men; but when he reached the Fauntleroy place he accepted the lady's invitation to dismount and take tea with her. After changing her wet clothing the pretty widow entertained her guest with her brightest smiles and some new songs. The General was delighted, and expressed his delight, as Kentucky gentlemen of that day would have done. "You are the finest songtress, madam, in the Blue Grass region."

When he bade her good night and shook hands with her on the porch, the wicked little widow gave his hand a little squeeze —only a little—but it thrilled like an electric shock through his great, ponderous frame, while she laughingly reminded him of his wager. That night, in his dreams, the little widow Fauntleroy was repeated so often, and in so many bewitching forms, that he resolved to propose to her at their first meeting, nor did he dream that he could be refused.

The next morning a letter from his tobacco factor, called General Peyton to Louisville, and before his return the political contest in the Ashland district was over, and wonderful to relate, John C. Breckinridge, the young Democrat was elected to Congress.

General Peyton was both astonished and indignant. "Mr. Clay's district, sir, the finest Congressional district in the Blue Grass region, has disgraced itself, sir," was almost his first remark to his neighbor, Colonel Beaufort.

To his son John he communicated his intention to bring Mrs. Fauntleroy to adorn the head of his table.

"Sir, she is the finest lady in the Blue Grass region, and I hope, sir, you will always respect your future mother."

John, with a quiet smile, assured him that he was pleased with his choice. This pleased the General highly, for he had been a little afraid John would object to a step-mother younger than himself.

The next morning the General ordered Powhattan brought out and led over to Mrs. Fauntleroy's. Calling John he requested him to go with him to call upon Mrs. Fauntleroy.

"The Whig party has disgraced itself in Mr. Clay's district, sir, and I am compelled to part with the finest blooded horse in the State to pay my wager with that lady, sir."

The black boy had led Powhattan to the hitching rail in front of Mrs. Fauntleroy's yard, and, having tied him, had gone into the quarters to tell his brothers and sisters of their mistress's good luck in having won the famous horse Powhattan.

When General Payton and John arrived they found the pretty widow and two young lady friends in the yard admiring Powhattan. The ladies were in high glee and after the usual salutations the gentlemen were invited to take seats on the porch, which they did.

"Madam," said the General to Mrs. Fauntleroy, "I have come here like a true Kentucky gentleman, to pay the wager I have lost. Powhattan, madam, is rightfully yours."

"But, General," said she, "I believe the wager was conditional. It was the horse or anything else on the place, was it not?"

"Madam," he replied, "you are correct. But there is nothing on my place one-half in value to Powhattan. I cannot permit you to select an inferior animal."

The pretty widow blushed to the tips of her fingers when she said: "You have another and superior animal here—your son John; if he would but use his tongue, I think I shall choose him."

There was a moment of silence, then a laugh, in which the General did not join. He rose, and in the blandest manner bade the ladies good night. To John he said: "Sir, you will remain."

And that was the way John Peyton came to marry the pretty Widow Fauntleroy.

General Peyton never forgave his pretty daughter-in-law her practical joke. In after years he used to say: "Sir, she is the finest lady in the Blue Grass region, but she lacks taste, sir."

AN IMPORTANT SUIT.—A suit of some importance and interest to the the public is pending in the Marine Court of New York. The widow of the late Avery D. Putnam, who was killed with a car-hook by Foster, has brought suit against the street Railroad Company for damages resulting from the lost of her husband. The evidence is the same as upon the trial for the murder, which, it is claimed, shows that the conductor and driver, by the exercise of proper diligence, could have prevented the assault, and the legal ground is taken that the Company is liable in damages for the negligence of its employes.

"I Make No Mistakes."

A first-rate story is told of a very prominent man, who lived in Detroit forty years ago, and who at that time owned more steamboat stock than any man in the Western country, besides other wealth to a large amount.

Like many of the pioneers who acquired great riches, he was very ignorant in all that books taught, but his learning is more like wisdom, and, in common with many who have lived and passed away, but left their mark behind them, he knew what tree would make shingles by looking at it.

He had, at the time of our story, just completed a splendid new warehouse at Buffalo, and wanting a suitable clerk to take charge of it, he advertised for one in the papers. The next morning early, a candidate for the position presented himself, rather too flashy a young man in appearance, but the following conversation occurred:

"Young man, when you make a mistake in any of your books, how do you correct it?"

The young man explained, in a very profuse manner, how he should proceed to make it all right.

"A good way, no doubt, to do it," replied the old man, "but I shan't want you."

Very soon another aspirant put in an appearance. A similar question was asked him, and in a long and eloquen manner he pointed out the remedy in all such cases.

All the reply was: "Young man, I shan't want you."

Some three or four others dropped in during the day, and to each one the same question was put, and they all had some smart way of covering up errors in their books.

The old gentleman was entirely ignorant himself of the art of book-keeping, but he had wisdom in all things, which is more than a match for learning.

Just at the close of the day a plainly dressed man with a bright eye and a brisk step called for the situation.

"Take a seat, sir," said the old gentleman, "I want to ask you one question. When you make a false entry on your books, how do you go to work to correct it?"

Turning upon his questioner a cold, sharp look, the young man replied: "I don't make that kind of mistakes, sir."

"Ah! my dear sir, you are just the man I have been looking for all day," and in a few moments after, the man who corrected his blunders by not making them, was installed in the office.

Five-Minute Chats With Young Girls.

And now, girls, says Dio Lewis, let us return to your dress. In a previous chat I spoke of one feature of your dress which I venture to say must be changed before you can have a clear head, good digestion, and a healthy liver.

I wish now to speak of the dress of the middle of the body. Every one of us lives in proportion to our breathing. If we breathe strong, we live strong; if our breath is weak our life is weak; the quantity of air we take into our lungs is the measure of our life.

Now, go with me to the ball room. Here we are. Notice that couple: they are dancing. Watch them. When they stop observe their breathing. There! he has taken one deep breath, filling all the lower part of his lungs, and now his breathing is quiet. But notice her breathing. See how the upper part of her chest works up and down. Watch her ten minutes. That panting and pumping will go on.

What do you suppose is the reason for this difference? Do you suppose the Creator made a woman's lungs so deficient in size that she has to work that way to get her breath? Among young children there is no difference in the breathing of boys and girls. If we visit a farm where persons of both sexes are engaged in outdoor labor, with the same freedom of dress, we shall not find the women breathing in that peculiar way.

No, the working and pumping of that chest are owing to her dress. The lower part of the lungs is the large part. There is where most of the breathing should be done. There is where the man does most of his breathing. But she has so squeezed and contracted the lower part of her lungs that very little breath can get down there, so that the small upper end is compelled to do most of her breathing. It is that little upper end which is working away so hard under her ribs now. When a lady dances, runs, or goes up stairs, she suffers thumping of the heart and labored breathing, not because the original constitution of her breathing apparatus was faulty, but because she so compresses the lower, larger part of her lungs, that she is like a person who has but a single lung to breath with. There is a lack of breathing room and of course the breathing is labored.

With knife on corset-string, every woman should cry out, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Perfect freedom for lungs, heart, liver and stomach is indispensable to good respiration, circulation and digestion. Without such freedom, living is not living, but dying.

Railway Disasters in England.

There can be no doubt that railroad management in England is more uniformly, thorough than in this country. We have, it is true, some roads which are managed with a skill and care and foresight and liberal expenditure hardly surpassed by the English roads, but we have too many other lines so bunglingly managed as to be hardly fit for transportation of cattle, to say nothing of human beings. But admitting that the English railroad management is, as we said, more uniformly thorough than ours, it may be questioned if it is not too highly rated here.

It is easy to account for this over estimate. We hear of our own accidents, or at least the most of them, while we hear, as a general thing, only of the most terrible of the disasters happening on the English roads.

But that there is at times almost as gross mismanagement on some of the English roads as disgraces certain of our own is evident from the complaints put up by the people there, as well as from the official reports. Captain Tyler's General report shows that the number of accidents on English roads had increased from one hundred and thirty one, in 1870 to one hundred and seventy-one, in 1871, although fortunately the number of passengers killed by causes beyond their own control had decreased from sixty-six to twelve, while there was also a decrease in the number of passengers injured.

MORTALITY OF CHIDREN.—A very distinguished Paris physician says: "I believe that, during the twenty years I practised my profession, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemetaries a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms. Put the bulb of a thermometer into a baby's mouth and the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare and even cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course, all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of the blood flow back to the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at the frequently recurring affections of the tongue, throat, or stomach?"

Abbottsford in 1872.

Taking "all conditions and circumstances into account, I hardly know of any place that is fraught with such thrilling and pathetic associations. Byron's Newstead is not half so mournful an illustration of the futility of smaller ambitions, and it is not half so profoundly steeped in the personal associations of genius. There's the study in which the great romancist wrought; there's the faded old arm-chair of leather in which he used to sit; there's his library he filled with the books he so loved; here are the historic spears, and swords, and corselets, which he delighted to collect around him. Yonder is the full-length painting of the much-loved son who kept the great name of Sir Walter Scott for so short a time before the living world. All the race are gone now but a great-grand-daughter—a girl of nineteen—and she is a Roman Catholic—(think what Walter Scott would have said to such a family prospect!) and perhaps when she marries the name will wholly pass away. Sir Walter's grand-daughter, the last survivor of the family, married Mr. Hope, a great Parlimentary lawyer and a Roman Catholic; and he, inheriting Abbottsford through her, took the name of Scott in addition to his own. Mrs. Hope Scott died many years ago, leaving the one daughter I have mentioned. Mr. Hope Scott married a second wife, who also died. Thus there are two of Sir Walter's dearest hopes unfilled. He hoped to found a great, broad-spreading family, and a name identified with vigorous Protestantism, and the line has run down to one girl, and she is a devout Roman Catholic. Well, all these thoughts and many others render a visit to Abbottsford rather a melancholy pilgrimage, with all the glory of the memories that cling forever round the house. But it is hard indeed to keep up any feeling of reverence or sadness, or even interests, when you are marshalled through Abbottsford exactly as if it were Mrs. Jarley's wax-works. You are shown into a waiting room, where you have to remain until the attendant has got through with the previous party or gang of sight-seers; for they will only take one gang at a time. Then, when your turn comes, you pay sixpence each; the guiding woman takes a wand in her hand and leads the way. She points out everything, and names each relic in a measured, monotonous, ice-cold tone, like that old wearied school-mistress going over some dull task in her dreams. "Chair of Sir Walter Scott; desk of Sir Walter Scott; portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted by—" any one you like—"portrait of Lady Scott's silver inkstand, presented by the Sultan of Turkey; silver snuff-box presented by the corporation of Ballingullish; pistol that once belonged to Prince Charles Edward; pair of garters, said to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scotts; miscellaneous collection of weapons, owners' names unknown." So you are lead along, ashamed of the whole thing, wondering what Sir Walter would have thought of it if he could only have forseen, and finding that every ray of decent emotion is dying out of you as you drudge through your measured and soulless ceremonial. At the time our little group had got half way through, it might have been Wood's Museum, so far as most of us were concerned. I vow if I were the heir of a great man, I would not have this sort of thing, I would close the house and the relics against all strangers, or I would have them to see and gaze and meditate without the preliminary sixpence or the accompanying clack of the guide.

Paris a Humbug.

The Rev. J. H. Barclay ventures to differ from the popular estimate. He writes to the *Lutheran Observer*:—"If there is any unmitigated humbug on the face of the earth it is Paris." People visit it because it is the fashion, and learn to murder a little French and to praise delightful *Paree*, as they pronounce it, because it is the fashion. Paris has its beauties; it is a fine city, but there is a wearisome sameness about its streets. Uniformity becomes tiresome. Uniform, as a rule, in height, uniform in style, the Mansard robf is everywhere prevalent. No one can erect an edifice until submitted to the Royal Architect, who insists on certain rules, one man power, the curse of nations and churches. There is not in Paris, except her Opera House, a single building equal to Bennett's *Herald* office or the Park Bank, save in extensiveness, and yet we are of the conclusion that when European visitors are going into ecstacies over the second city of the world it is the fashion, and that explains and covers a great deal. If Paris is over-estimated, much more is her army a swindle. The Prussian victories lessened it considerably in our estimation. We saw, probably, 30,000 of the flower of the army, viz: the Versailles troops. They were walking scare-crows; they were the slouchiest, dirtiest, worst dressed, meanest drilled troops I ever saw on parade. Our cherished dream is gone; the days of the Old Guard are over. The spirit of the great Napoleon will turn sorrowfully away. Ichabod is written on the banners of France, for the glory hath departed. A word on what is left of the old army. We went in the broiling sun to the Hotel des Invalides, the asylum of the old soldiers of Napoleon, and the place where his ashes repose; and so we compared France, not with others but with herself. In the hospital and around the grounds we saw veterans of ninety years of age, who put to shame the best blood of modern France. Men who fought through the suns of Egypt and the snows of Russia, grizzled and weatherbeaten, but still erect as pines, broad shouldered, stern old soldiers, who recall the glory of the Old Guard—the last lingering lights of a once powerful nation. We could not but think of what these old men must have felt for the humiliation of their land, now they must have bled at the degeneracy of the moderns.

"And what is the matter with France? Wherein lies the secret of her overthrow? It is contained in two words—ignorance and licentiousness!"

IMPROVEMENTS IN CASTING METALS.—The invention of Mr. W. Sellers, of Philadelphia, Pa., relates to a novel method of discharging the molten metal from the furnace or crucible in which it has been melted, and of casting or transferring the same into moulds, or into another furnace or crucible, without piercing any part of the earth or bed of the furnace, or removing the crucible from the furnace in which it has been heated, and without exposing the molten metal during its transit to the action of the air, thereby avoiding the oxidizing effect of the air thereon, and preventing the conveyance of air along with the metal into the mould. In carrying out this invention the transfer of the metal is effected through a pipe or conduit by the agency of atmospheric pressure, one end of the said pipe or conduit dipping down below the surface of the molten metal in the furnace or crucible, whilst the other end is in direct communication with the mould, so that on exhausting, or partially exhausting, the air from the interior of the mould, or group of moulds, the molten metal will flow freely therein, being forced along the pipe or conduit by the pressure of the atmosphere upon the surface of the metal in the furnace or crucible.

A French society has decided that it prolongs the lives and increases the happiness of dogs to make them work.

A Spanish Horse Race.

A lady correspondent writes from California: I never will forget my sight of a horse race, and I guess you might like to hear it, as it was a singular one. It was in 1862, on the day of the Festa of San Rafael, a day held in the highest reverence by the Spanish people, who testify their reverrence by drinking, gambling, and horse racing. The festivities are kept on for three days, and booths are erected, and camps are formed, and the whole Spanish population congregate—men, women, and children—and the old priest of the nearest mission lends the saving grace of his presence to the occasion. Formerly they added a bull fight to the list of amusements on that day, but the Americans made so many objections that this part was left off. The place this year selected for the festivities was down near San Lorenso, and large booths were on every side, filled with people, mostly Spanish, though many Americans were present.

At noon a herald rode up and down, proclaiming that the races for the afternoon were about to begin, and in a trice the booths were deserted, and the track was lined with the expectant crowd. The race track was merely a level road, a mile in length, and straight, not in a circle, as we have ours. The horses were all California and Mexican mustangs. Some of them were magnificent, and the riders were resplendent with silver jingling ornaments down their pantaloons and bordering their jackets, and their crimson sashes, which, with jeweled-handled knives showing through their folds, gave them the appearance of the handsome dark pirates we read of. The men merely rode up without preliminary, and dashed down the track, no effort being made to time the horses. The one who reached the goal first took the prize. They all run their horses—never trot them.

It is astonishing to see the feats of agility the men perform while their horses are at full speed, for they will reach down and pick up a half dollar from the ground, and never miss. Chickens are buried in the ground, leaving only their heads sticking out, and men will rush past like the wind, and snatch the head off every time. This is looked upon as the funny part. At last the ladies' races were to take place, and several rode up and rode their races without any mishap, which was wonderful, considering that they rode bare-backed and at full speed.

After several races had taken place, won repeatedly by a large, handsome senorita on a cinnamon-colored mustang, another girl made her appearance on the ground on a black mustang, whose delicate, springy step, arched neck and flashing eye showed its blood and fire. The girl herself was a perfect apparition of beauty. Her eyes were large and brilliantly black; her mouth ripe, with full, intensely red lips, and her rich black hair hung far below her waist. She was very small, and exquisitely proportioned, with tiny, arching Spanish feet, and she was dressed in white, and wore no hat, but had a quaint silver chain around her head to bind back her hair.

Dolores was most beautiful at any time, but here on her magnificent horse, every motion grace unequaled, and with the hot blood flushing in her cheeks, she certainly was as near what might be called radiantly beautiful as possible for any one. Riding up to the pole, she flung out her challenge to the victorious rider, who smiled contemptuously at her and her horse, and accepted it disdainfully, and in a moment both horses were flying over the course. They were both well matched in point of steed; but Dolores had the finest horse and it was a delirium-producing sight to see him gather for the great leaps which carried them to the end of the goal before I write it, Dolores ahead.

Then they turned and came back to the starting point. Dolores still in advance, looking wildly triumphant, with two spots of fire on her cheeks, at the loud plaudits, when her horse stepped into a gopher hole, slightly stumbled, and lost the race by half a length. Dolores rode slowly up to the pole, jumped from her horse like a flash, and drew her dagger before any one had the slightest idea of her intention, and plunged it up to the hilt in her horse's neck. He shivered a little, looked mournfully at her a moment, then fell at her feet dead, the blood staining her white dress. That broke up the "peste." Dolores rode off immediately, and somehow even the Spaniards did not care to stay longer, and that was my first horse race.

Town and Country.

The New York *Tribune* has a genial article on the moral influences of country life, compared with the influences of another kind which beset those in the city.

In November, society in the city draws its breath, looks over its accoutrements and provisions for a new campaign. The season has opened, it says, solemnly, through its organs of the fashionable press. Which does not mean as one might suppose, that the world had been made afresh; but only that the opera houses are open; that there is certain vim in the drama that was lacking from June until October, that two or three noted women are ready to receive the *beau monde*, and define its business and limits for the next three months.

Outside of the cities, however, the season has a different and broader meaning. What are one or two opera houses or blazing ball rooms to the legions of quiet homes which warm and make human the country from sea to sea? The stubble changing from bronze to yellow, the burning sumac lighted its torch in the hedges the cold blue mist lining out the water courses in the landscape, are the signs just now of the beginning of the universal "season," the closing in of domestic life about the home centre. * * *

We who live in cities, in the midst of the chatter of free-love and daily foul tampering with foul things, are apt to underrate the integrity of domestic life in the silent back ground of the nation. We forget that every Messalina who becomes a public nuisance, every single case of adultry or divorce, signifies unnumbered happy, modest homes of which we never hear. We urge the importance to day, in every one of these homes to which we have access, of keeping straight and clean through, this season and every other their fealty to the old notions of marriage and a Christian family government. There lies their strength now and that of the whole people hereafter.

PACING HORSES.—In Barbary, pacing horses are held in such high estimation that the method of making a spirited trotter shackle like a boat in a chop sea is reduced to science. To make them rack easily, a ring of lead covered with leather is put round each hoof, a cord from each weight ascends and is fastened to the saddle, front and rear; next, a strap runs horizontally from the fore to the hind foot on both sides. Being rather short, it is impossible to make a long step. Restraint compels the animal to practice a new gait to progress at all. As soon as a habit is established of going ahead thus tethered, the desirable object is fully and permanently accomplished.

A HEBREW CUSTOM.—The Hebrews break a wine goblet at their marriages, as illustrative of an important canonical truth—that is, to impress upon the married pair the divine ordination of the Creator, as laid down by the Levitical law, of the indissolubility of the marriage contract, the difficulty of dissolving that contract being considered as insurmountable as the impossibility of replacing the shattered fragments of the glass.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

Scenes Among the Germans.

A writer from Dresden, in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, says that the forced service in the army is the main cause of the great emigration, and so great has it been this season—over 80,000—that soldiers have been detailed to gather the crops, and dwellings are absolutely not to be found, muslin and frame tents being thrown up in Berlin to accommodate the incoming population, who are giving up their little homes with the firm intention, as soon as they can get passage, of finding others in a country where they imagine no want exists.

In Germany the child of but a few years of age is set to labor, either in carrying the universal korb (basket), suited to their size, upon their back, dragging their wagons through the streets, or working in the field. The korb holds about one and a half bushels, and it is girls or women always who carry them, either unloading coal boats, for which they receive five pfenings for two full baskets (about one and a quarter cents), or bringing them to market filled with produce, and many times have I seen a full-laden one placed upon the rounded back of an old woman by a burly man, who walked by her side laughing and talking while she toiled along with her heavy load.

Women almost invariably make the mortar and carry it to the builders. They drag about the streets coal or other matter in wagons holding nearly a ton, upon one side of the tongue themselves with a strap over the shoulder, and upon the other a dog. They dig and plow in the fields, at times harnessed with an ox. They break the coal in pieces and carry it up to the houses and assist in sawing wood, which is done on a standard three feet high, one at either end of the saw, while the man splits it ready for them to deliver.

The peasantry are uncouth in their appearance, and rough in their manner, paying little attention to the graces of life, and yet have a delight in flowers and music, which has no lack of food in this land of beautiful art. Their diet is simple, consisting mainly of black bread, made sour purposely, sausage, and coffee or beer. Fresh meat they have but seldom, and the workman seems to thrive on his lump of bread and cheese and potatoes, which he eats at least five times a day, and washes down with the beer made at home, brewery beer being too expensive for his daily use. They have, after all their harvests, a feast, to which all neighbors resort, gayly dancing the evening away. In one of our country walks we innocently walked into a stable where the women, as usual, were threshing, and the men idling about, as it was not their work. A fine was demanded from us as from others for the entertainment which was to follow. Just now the potatoes are all gathered and merry-makings are filling the country round. Their pleasures are simple, but their life is hard, with no prospect of change, and America, the heaven for women and children, and field of future prosperity for men, is longed for, and every exertion made to reach it.

A Humorous Fire-Incident.

The fire, says a Boston paper, was prolific in amusing incidents, even during its moments of supremest horror, and the ludicrous went cheek by jowl with the serious to a far greater extent than it is possible to conceive by those who kept themselves aloft from the scene. Not the least laughable of the incidents to which we allude was that in which a middle-aged lady played important parts. She was somewhat on the shady side of forty, tall, thin and bony of aspect. Her sandy hair was screwed up into numberless rigid curls on either side of her face, and a crunched bonnet fluttered defiantly down her back and was only prevented from falling off by the ribbons by which it was tied round her neck. Her rusty black dress had been evidently hurried on at a moment's warning, as it was buttoned and hooked in a style of labyrinthine perplexity. She pushed her way through the excited crowds, while the fire was raging at its highest, wringing her hands and shrieking frantically for "Clara," who implored, wept, stormed and moaned for "Clara," enlisting everybody's sympathy. "Will nobody put out a hand to save the poor thing?" she emplored in almost frantic accents. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! My little darling will be burnt to death!" Even the most hardened felt for the agony that seemed to be urging the poor woman to madness. Firemen stopped their work to ask her where her "Clara" was, and several crowded around her with proffers of assistance if she would only be explicit. But not a coherent explanation could be gained from her. She continued to wring her hands and to moan, "Clara, Clara; my poor Clara." In the meantime a thrill of terror went through the multitude at the idea that some human creature was in deadly peril of being burned to

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FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

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The Constitutional Convention adjourned to meet in Philadelphia on 7th of January next. Thus far many important and much needed changes have been proposed, to the more important of which we will from time to time call attention.

The presidential electors of the different states, met at their respective capitols, on last Wednesday, 5th, in obedience to the constitution, and cast their votes for President. The states carried by the radicals casting their votes for Grant, and those carried by the democrats and liberals, mostly for Thomas A. Hendricks, Indiana's distinguished democrat, Horace Greeley, for whom they were chosen, having died, and, a coincidence worth mentioning, was buried on same day.

This action of the democratic electors, will be endorsed by the party as Mr. Hendricks is one of the most popular and noble democratic statesmen in the country.

It was advised by some that the democratic electors cast their vote for Grant, and thus make his election unanimous, which would induce him, as they alledged, to pursue a more just and moderate course against the southern states. We, for one, would have objected to that kind of disposition of the democratic electors, it would have been an insult and outrage upon every voter who voted against Grant in those states—it was principle that was involved and not the man, and such a course would have been a virtual endorsement of all the bad done under Grant's administration, which no democratic voter intended to do. Besides if Gen. Grant can not do justice to those states with out being bribed in that way, why let him stubbornly pursue his rule of tyranny against the southern states. Those states ask no favors at the hands of Grant which they are not entitled to, under the common constitution. Let them receive justice—it is all they ask, and for it they will owe no thanks to him.

Why should Grant receive the total electoral vote, when he only has some half million majority out of a vote of 7 millions, and of which 800,000 are negro votes, which, being deducted leaves him in a minority on the white vote of nearly half a million?

The electors chosen against Grant, were chosen for Greeley or some one representing the principles of the Baltimore platform, and these electors to cast their votes for Grant, would have violated a most sacred trust, while in voting for a democrat, the men who chose them have proper expression given to their ballot.

The democratic electors did right in voting for a democrat, and had there been but a single one, his vote should not have been given to Grant, for the sake of making his election unanimous, and as a bribe to do his duty toward a sister state.

Unfitness of the Negro to Vote.

Nothing can more conclusively establish the ignorance and utter unfitness of the negro to exercise the right of suffrage, than the recent presidential campaign. There are some 800,000 negro voters in the United States, and all of these, with the exception of a paltry few, cast their votes for Gen. Grant. Not because these blacks almost solidly voted for Gen Grant, do we argue that they are ignorant and unfit to be voters, but because they had not intelligence enough to prevent their being led, misled, into voting thus, and were not able to judge for themselves. Now, when we take into consideration that Grant was not known before the war, and that Horace Greeley was known to every white man, woman and boy for the last thirty years, as a champion of the negro race, and the most powerful and effective one in the country, who was ardent and consistent as he was able in the cause of the blacks, we say, it is singular that the negro element scarcely gave their early friend a vote in recognition of what Mr. Greeley had accomplished for them. This is singular, but natural, and is easily accounted for. The negroes of this country, as a mass did not know Horace Greeley, they were ignorant of their greatest champion, and really were made believe by the white radicals that he had been a slave-driver, a rebel leader, and that if elected he would re-enslave them, and one negro woman was heard denouncing Greeley on the streets of Richmond, because he was the man, as she had been made believe, who sold her baby into slavery!

Such stuff like this was told the blacks of the south, and being ignorant, they believed it and voted against their earliest and best friend without knowing it. Where are there half dozen white men in this country, who could be made believe of Horace Greeley what was told the negroes and which, in their utter ignorance they believed? This accounts for the mass of the negro vote going for Gen. Grant. Had these poor blacks been possessed of the least intelligence, they should have known, what every white school boy knows, who Horace Greeley was, and their suffrages would not have been against him. We venture to say that the great body of the blacks in the South, to-day, does not know even whom they voted for President and Vice President, and that the election being held again January 1st, they could be made believe that Grant was the rebel leader and had sold negro babies, and that Jeff Davis was their saviour and champion who set them free and gave them the ballot.

The army officers, collectors, bureau agents, and other Grant officeholders, in the south, who have the blacks under their thumb, are the chaps who made them believe such stuff aided by the entire radical press of the country, which accused Mr. Greeley of these monstrosities, the most glaring and foul falsehoods of the the campaign against and when they knew better, and were conscious of the wrong and injustice they were doing him in those base and willful falsehoods.

Mrs. Greeley's Will.

From an examination of Mrs. Greeley's will it appears she appointed Mr. Greeley executer and Ida Greeley executrix. She bequeaths to her husband all her pictures and statuary, a rare and valuable collection, and instructs Ida Greeley to appropriate one hundred dollars for the purchase of some additional memento of her affection for her husband. In case of Mr. Greeley's dying or marrying again Mrs. Greeley's real estate was not to be sold nor the principal of the property used by either of the children without the joint consent of Ida Greeley and Judge Hart. Mrs. Greeley had a policy of life insurance on Mr. Greeley's life to the amount of $10,000 to $20,000. It is also stated she had some Tribune shares and various other stocks besides the real estate

The schemes proposed by President Grant in his message, and which may be taken as indicative of his programme for the next term, are exceedingly magnificent.

He recommends the adoption of the postal telegraph system at an expenditure of from twelve to twenty millions and an increase of officeholders by some sixty or eighty thousand persons; the building of a ship canal around Niagara Falls at the expense of fifteen to twenty millions more; canals to connect the Mississippi Valley with the Atlantic at a cost of fifty millions; "continuous land-locked navigation from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico;" and the expenditure of twenty-five millions in mail subsidies during the next five years."

All these involve centralisation, corruption, lobby legislation, swindles and a general bedevilment of everybody in Congress and out.

Characteristic Letter of Mr. Greeley in Relation to the Recent Campaign.

Washington, December 1.—As an introduction to the subjoined letter, it is proper to state that *Mr.* Greeley was a warm, personal friend of Charles Lanman, to whom it was addressed. Mr. Lanman's early essays as a writer were published in the New Yorker. Although he never participated in politics, Mr. Greeley occasionally favored him with letters of advice, and took a special interest in the success of his Dictionary of Congress. Greeley's last note to Lanman is as follows:

NEW YORK, June 27, 1872

FRIEND LANMAN: Received yours of the 25th inst. I have, all my life, been doing what people called vastly foolish, impolitic acts, and I did not dispute their judgment. I only said that, what I did seemed to me the right thing. If I should die before the election, or beaten therein, please testify for me that I do not regret having braved public opinion when I thought it wrong, and knew it to be merciless. Yours,

(Signed) HORACE GREELEY.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGES.

The electors of the various states assembled on 4th, at their respective state capitols. The electors of states carried by the radicals, all voted for Grant. The Greeley electors mostly voted for Hendricks. The Creeley electors of Missouri voted as follows:

For President, B. Gratz Brown, 8; Thomas A. Hendricks, 6; David Davis, 1; For Vice President, B. Gratz Brown, 6; Geo. W. Julien, 5; John M. Palmer, 3; Wm. S. Groesbeck, 1.

The Greeley Electors of Arkansas assembled last night, and, claiming to be elected, cast their vote of the State for B. Gratz Brown for President and General N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, for Vice President. They did this, after being officially informed by the Governor that on a canvass of the votes the Grant electors were elected. They charge that the latter result was reached through fraud. They passed appropriate resolutions on the death of Mr. Greeley. Both sides in this State claim the election of their ticket, and will endeavor to install themselves into office.

THE LIBERAL SENATORS OVERBOARD.

The doors of the radical shanty have been shut on Sumner, Schurz, Fenton, Trumbull, &c., for their honesty and independence during the late presidential campaign. A correspondent of the World, writing from Washington under date of 5th inst., says, the democratic Senators this morning received a written notification from the Republican caucus committee to the effect that certain blanks had been left in the revision of the Senate standing committees which the minority could fill at their own pleasure. This raised at once the important question as to what the minority consisted of. The regular Republicans had chosen to utterly ignore the Liberals, even as a faction, and they were turned over to the tender mercies of the Democrats to be treated as their pleasure might suggest. The first duty that devolved upon the Democrats was to address a note to the Liberal Republicans and to invite a consultation over the situation. Two of the Liberals responded in such a way as to show that they will hereafter act with the Democracy on all issues. These Senators are Tipton and Rice. To-day they attended the regular Democratic caucus, held in Senator Thurman's room, and they will probably hereafter continue to consistently act with this party. At least Senator Rice thus avows his intention. The three most important vacancies occured on the Foreign Relations, Finance, and Judiciary committees, of which Senators Schurz, Fenton, and Trumbull (Liberals) were respectively members. The old Democratic members of these committees were Casserly, Bayard, and Thurman. After a slight consultation it was agreed to retain these latter gentlemen in their present position with the single exception of the Foreign Relation. Here Senator Casserly, with a magnanimity unparalleled, declared that he would forego his own assignment in favor of Senator Schurz, whom he wished retained in his present place. The latter Senator, however, was extremely adverse to accepting this position under the circumstances, and especially in view of the personal sacrifice required; still as the designation was insisted upon on all sides he reluctantly consented to accept it. Senator Trumbull drops from his ten years' chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee to the tail end of the Retrenchment Committee. Governor Fenton is transferred from the Finance Committee to the last place on Territories. Senator Sumner, by his declination in advance of all committee positions, did not enter as an element into the making up of a slate. Rice was taken from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Mines and Mining and Hannibal Hamlin substituted. Fenton was not only taken from the Finance Committee, but also relieved of the Chairmanship of the Committee on Contingent Expenses, to which position Matthew H. Carpenter was elevated. Senator Logan's removal comes in, he being made second in the Military Committee. After Wilson's election to the Vice Presidency, Logan will be promoted to the Chairmanship. There were several committees to which two vacancies were allowed, but they are of such an unimportant character as not to effect legislation either in one way or another. To these positions the Democrats have made assignment to cover their limited numbers.

Congress.

The Senate met at noon on Monday, 2nd and in the opening prayer the chaplain alluded to the death of Mr. Greeley. Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to banish the names of battles in the civil war from army registers and regimental colors. Mr. Wilson introduced a bill for the relief of sufferers by the Boston fire, and other minor resolutions were offered. A message being received from the House announcing the adoption of the concurrent resolution regarding the death of Horace Greeley, its immediate consideration was agreed to. The President's annual message was then brought in and read; after which the Vice President presented the annual reports of the various departments, and the Senate adjourned.

The House of Representatives was called to order at noon on Monday. After the usual opening formalities, Mr. Dawes moved a resolution expressive of sympathy of the House for the decease of Horace Greeley. Mr. Banks tendered his resignation as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which the House refused to accept. Speaker Blaine then vacated the Chair to speak on the charges of bribery in the case of the Credit Mobilier, and obtained the appointment of a select committee to investigate the affair. After the reading of the President's message, and the reporting of sundry bills, the House adjourned.

Mr. Sumner, in the Senate, offered the following resolution:

Whereas, National unity and good will among fellow citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usages of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war; therefore,

Be it enacted &c., that the names of battles with fellow citizens shall not be continued in the army register, or placed on the Regimental colors of the United States.

HOUSE.

Speaker Blaine called Mr. Cox, of New York to the chair as Speaker protem, and took the floor to offer the following resolution:

Whereas, Accusations have been made in the public press, founded on the alleged letters of Oakes Ames, a representative from Massachusetts, and upon the affidavit of Henry S. McComb, a citizen of Wilmington, in the State of Delaware, to the effect that members of this House were bribed by Oakes Ames to perform certain legislative acts for the benefit of the Union Pacific Railroad Company by presents of stock in the Credit Mobilier of America, or by presents of a valuable character derived therefrom; therefore,

Resolved, That a special committee of five members be appointed by the Speaker pro tempore, whose duty it shall be to investigate and ascertain whether any member of this House was bribed by Oakes Ames or any person or corporation in any matter touching his legislative duty; and that the committee be authorized to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Blaine said he had requested Cox to appoint a majority of Democrats on the committee, and made a few remarks challenging investigation.

Mr. Archer opposed the motion on the ground that the scandal had been refuted and the investigation was unnecessary.

Mr. Randall favored it as a matter of personal privilege.

Mr. Dawes said he hoped the resolution would be adopted.

The resolution was adopted, with a few negative votes on the Democratic side, and

Mr. Cox, as Speaker *protem*, appointed as the select committee Messrs Poland, Banks, Beck, Niblack and M'Crary.

Mr. Dawes said: Mr. Speaker, believing that all will concur in the propriety of a public recognition of the events so impressive and so without parallel in the history of this Government that have recently transpired, I deem it proper to offer the following resolution:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives, that in view of the recent death of Horace Greeley, for whom, at the late election, more than three millions of votes were cast for President, that a record be made on the journals of Congress of appreciation for the eminent services and personal purity and worth of the deceased, and of the sad impression created by his death, following a keen family bereavement.

Mr. Cox, of New York, then paid a feeling tribute to the memory and character of Mr. Greeley, after which the resolution was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Banks again rose and offered his resignation as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, remarking that it was proper that the House should be represented by one who was unqualifiedly committed to the policy of the majority, as he could not claim to be.

The House, by a vote of 59 to 76, refused to accept his resignation.

The Concord (N. H.) Patriot has the following:

In a letter to the Hon. Mason W. Tappan, dated November 8, one of the very last Mr. Greeley wrote, he expresses great gratitude to *Mr.* Tappan for going into the recent contest in his behalf with such zeal; and says in his grave jocular manner:

"I have been so bitterly assailed that I hardly know whether I was running for the Presidency or for the Penitentiary."

Mr. Greeley thus speaks of the death of his wife:

"In the darkest hour my long suffering wife left; not too soon, as she had suffered too deeply. I laid her in the grave with hard, dry eyes. Well, I am used up. I have slept little for weeks, and my eyes are hard to close, while they soon open again."

Certain allusions made in the letter, as stated to us by Mr. Tappan, we are not at liberty at present to specify; but hope that he will find it consistent with propriety ultimately to publish the whole letter, the contents of which are specially interesting on account of their conveying the latest impressions of Mr. Greeley's mind on the situation of public affairs.

Simon Cameron Adjourns the Senate to Prevent any Eulogy of Greeley.

Washington, Dec. 3.—Senator Fenton had prepared some remarks to-day on the death of Mr. Greeley, and Mr. Sumner had a memorial to follow, but when Mr. Fenton tried to get the floor Mr. Cameron cut him off by a motion to adjourn, and refused to yield a moment. The Vice President sustained Cameron, and his motion was carried before anything could be said. Mr. Fenton intended, after a few remarks had been made by those desirous of so doing, moving an adjournment to Thursday, as no business will be done to-morrow.

After Election.

One Thousand Men Discharged from the Brooklyn Navy Yard—Taxed Five Dollars Each to Help Re-elect Grant, and then Thrown Out of Work.

"Give us a chance, Mr. Delano, give us a chance to work, if only to the end of the month," said group of mechanics to Naval Constructor Delano, in his office on Wednesday.

"My friends, it is impossible. I have received orders from the Admiral to discharge one thousand men today."

One thousand men were discharged from the yard on Wednesday, and fifty on Tuesday. The notice of the discharge was given to the men at muster, the names of those discharged being given out at the time. The office of the Naval Constructor was thronged during the day by anxious inquirers, but the invariable answer was that it could not be helped, and great dissatisfaction exists among the men.

A reporter in the vicinity of the yard talked with several of the men, after their discharge, and the following is the conversation:

Reporter—I understand that one thousand men were discharged yesterday.

Employee—Yes, sir; I among the unlucky ones.

Reporter—To what do you attribute the discharge?

Employee—They say they have no funds with which to pay the men, and they are obliged to discharge them, but it is a lie. I have been in the yard since a month before election. I have been taxed one day's pay in the yard ($8.50) to help re-elect Grant, and I have to pay $2.50 twice in my ward for the same purpose, and yet fifteen days after the election we are turned out in the cold without work, and they tell us they have no money to pay us with.

Reporter—Is there any work to be done in the yard?

Employee—Well, the fact of the matter is they make work or not as they please. The politicans have their own way, and we are the sufferers. A great many of us are in debt, and having families to support, find it hard to be put out of work. We do not blame them for trying to re-elect Grant, but we are down on them for employing us, and, after getting our votes, turning us out by the wholesale. We have not been paid yet, and we will have to wait till next pay day to get the few dollars due us. The politicians have kept away from the yard the last few days, and do not care whether we are discharged or not.

Reporter—What does Mr. Delano say?

Employee—He says he cannot help us, but that he thinks it very hard to have to put us out of work.

There are now about one thousand five hundred men in the yard, and it is reported that two hundred more will be discharged this week—Sun.

A Columbia, South Carolina, correspondent of the World gives the following sketch of the officials of South Carolina, and of the noble legislators whom John J. Patterson is wooing for the position of United States Senator:

The town is again filled with the honorables—God save the mark—and white, red, yellow, and black legislators are to be seen on every hand. Scott, the retiring governor, has been too ill to install his successors, the saintly Moses, and the lawmakers of this thoroughly Africanized state have spent the week loafing around promiscuously. Dark colors being fashionable in winter, everything here may be considered in the height of the fashion.

The president of the senate is a negro; the speaker of the house is a negro; two-thirds of the members of both houses are negroes; the chairman of nearly every important committee is a negro; doorkeepers, messengers and other attaches are negroes; the clerk of the house is a negro; the lieutenant governor is a negro (convict in the United States court); the state treasurer, and in fact all the state officials except two, are negroes; the members of congress are all negroes except one, and the few whites associated with this ignorant and degraded black crew look meaner than the darkies themselves. There are members who cannot sign their name; officers who have dabbled a little in the spelling book, but are independent and original enough whenever they attempt to write to spell every word in a way of their own, unlike any way known to Webster or the printing office; others who have figured in the criminal courts of their respective counties, and if they do not understand a demurrer they are by no means ignorant of bars, and the body entire may be considered (always excepting the few democrats) as a mass of ignorance and brutality. One glance at the concern is enough to secure an indorsement of this verdict from any impartial and intelligent looker on.

AGITATION IN PARIS.

Correspondence Between Bismarck and Napoleon—Reoccupation Discussed. Fears of Coming Trouble—Thiers and Macmahon at Variance.

The vote in the Versailles Assembly on the 6th, on the formation of Dufaure's committee excited the liveliest apprehension in Paris, where fighting is expected.

Great excitement prevails at Chiselhurst.

Marshal MacMahon controls the army, but will act only in obedience to the Assembly and not to President Thiers

German reoccupation is certain if fighting occurs.

Correspondence has recently passed between Bismark and Napoleon.

German reoccupation will result in the re-establishment of the empire.

EXCITING SCENE IN THE ASSEMBLY.

PARIS, November 18.—Seldom if ever has there been so large a crowd assembled as there was to-day at the time of the Versailles Assembly. The anterooms and passages, and even the high road in front of the palace, were blocked up by the throng. Every inch of standing room was taken up, in spite of the special Gardes told off to maintain order in expectation of the throng. An hour before the proceedings commenced the Assembly was fully occupied. In the President's box were Mme. Thiers, Mlle. Bosne, and many of the diplomatic body. Full as were the galleries during the last sittings of the Assembly, they were fuller to-day than ever, and the army was unusually largely represented by MacMahon, Cissey, and Faidherbe. Changarnier's speech was a furious one, especially in reference to Gambetta's speech at Grenoble, and he referred also to that dangerous class whose advent to power becomes daily more probable. Very dramatically the old General pointed in Gambetta's direction, and appealed to the Government to repress that factious man who was the sworn enemy of law and order. To the general surprise Gambetta remained calm, as also did his friends.

The Duc de Broglie then ascended the tribune, and in a speech, though less fiery, but more pungent, tried ineffectually to arouse Gambetta. Members of the Right, Rauol, Duval, and Gavardi, would have literally shouted themselves hoarse unless persuaded to be quiet by their friends.

The Minister of the Interior replied for the Government, and after some further proceedings in that excited assembly, M. Thiers, who had been present throughout, exhibiting agitation, took a sudden resolution and rushed to the tribune, declaring that he would no longer listen to such attacks upon the Government, knowing that the present discussion on the Grenoble speech of M. Gambetta was a mere protest to censure the message and reproach him with a violation of the "pact de Bordeaux.' I do not know why, (he said) you should constantly drag me into this tribune. I had fifty years' parliamentary experience, and the time has come for you to declare whether you have confidence in me or not.

Upon this declaration general consternation prevailed. Changarnier then made another attempt to draw out Gambetta, and was followed by the Duc de Broglie, who endeavored to dissuade M. Thiers from treating the matter as a Cabinet question. M. Thiers again ascended the tribune, and in a remarkable speech replied to Changarnier. Ultimately the Assembly, after much discussion and disturbance, agreed to pass the order of the day.

BURIAL of HORACE GREELEY.

New York, December 4.—The Distribution of tickets for admission to the Greeley obsequies was made at the Common Council Chamber, this morning, to the distinguished personages previously determined upon, President Grant's ticket having been sent to him at the hotel; and thereafter, at about half-past ten o'clock, the party took carriages and left for the Church, according to programme. Broadway was lined with spectators waiting the funeral procession, and flags were suspended at half-mast from nearly all the buildings on either side of the whole length of the thoroughfare. The police stood in front of the church as a guard. The church opened at about half-past ten, although ladies had previous been admitted and filled the galleries.

Dr. Chapin's Church.

The interior of the Church of the Divine Paternity, as it is known, presented a sombrely beautiful appearance. Crape was suspended in profusion. An exquisite coral offering was displayed, having appropriate designs. At the rear of the pulpit is a sheaf of wheat from Chappaqua in the form of a crown. Over the head a pen an ax. A floral wreath to the left of the pulpit bore the letter "H.;" also in flowers a plow. From the *Tribune* office to the outside of the church were throngs waiting in respectful silence.

During the hour which elapsed before the arrival of the procession, a strain of music was discoursed by the choir.

Arrival of Dignitaries.

Among the first celebrated dignitaries to arrive were Governor Hoffman. President Grant and Senator Conkling. Soon afterwards and; immediately following them came Senator Wilson, Minister Washburne and Secretary Belknap, who sat at the right of the pulpit. There were also Gen. Schurz, Senator Trumbull, and Vice President Colfax, who took seats near the President. The crowds outside extended as far as the eye could reach on either side of Fifth avenue, waiting for the arrival of

The Procession.

At eleven o'clock the funeral procession started from Mr. Sinclair's house, on Forty-fifth street. Many affecting scenes took place there during the morning. Mr. Greeley's daughters were inconsolable in their grief. The corpse was borne by ten men. Next came the chief mourners, then the *Tribune* Association, and next the *Herald* Club.

As the cortege entered the church the solemnity of the scene was most impressive. The stillness was such that it seemed as though the people in the church scarcely breathed. Prominent among those who slowly wound their way up the central aisle were Thurlow Weed, Wm. M. Evarts and Mayor Hall. There were also present Postmaster General Cresswell, General Dix, ex-Governor Morgan, General Sheridan. Governor Randolph, of New-Jersey, and a committee of the Union League Club.

The Obsequies Open.

Rev. Dr. Chapin opened the ceremonies by reading an appropriate selection from the Scriptures. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg next sang very touchingly "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth," after which Henry Ward Beecher delivered

The Funeral Oration.

He spoke substantially as follows:

When men have filled the household of God with their presence, it is not suprising that we miss them, when they leave us for ever; and yet they are constantly, like in the present case, going from us, and others are being called upon, by means of heavenly impulse, to take their places in the great cause of God's truth. The occasion, my friends, is a solemn and sublime one, and we forget the strife and contest of the world—that strife that separated us politically in the affairs of the nation; and join in this meeting to weep over the remains of him who is now in our presence, soon to be taken from us, but whose memory shall live forever in the annals of his country.

Who is this man whom we are here today to commemorate? For thirty years he has filled the land with the greatest controversy. He was a man of war, and yet he died without civic honers; a private citizen and yet we honor him one and all. The President of the United States and his officers are here and bow in silence to the will of God in taking from us our great brother. A little time ago and we were in the midst of a fierce battle, with the great dead the leader of one side; and yet he now lies lifeless before us. It is because the man was something more than a professional man, so good and noble, that he had few compeers. It is for these reasons that we assemble here to mourn the loss of Horace Greeley. For thirty years he built for himself no outward monument, no estate; but here to-day, between the oceans, there is not a man who has not felt the effects of the labors of Horace Greeley. What matters it that in a conflict over political economy he should be upon one side and you on another. Isn't it enough that he has given his life-blood for the good and to the purpose of a nobler manhood? The husbandman reaps his harvests, the wheat is garnered, it re-appears in the school boy and to future generations and in it is the presence of the man. To-day while we are all speaking kindly and sorrowfully for him, think of these conflicts, in which you forget humanity, out of which you have come, and summon your charity, you that have been battling on the other side. After a long and tempestuous voyage he has reached the shore, and angels will welcome him to their outstretched arms. Let us hope that when we die angels will open the gates for us, and receive us to the glory of the Lord.

After the address of Mr. Beecher, which continued but a few moments, "Sleep the Last Sleep" was rendered in a beautiful manner by the quartette from St. Francis Xavier's Church.

Dr. Chapin's Address.

The address was followed by an earnest prayer and another hymn, "Angel's ever bright and fair."

Rev. Mr. Chapin then pronounced the Benediction and the choir sang a most beautiful and touching chant, "O, what is life.'

The Funeral Cortege.

The procession then passed down Eighth avenue in the following order the police having previously cleared the roadway from curb to curb:

Mounted police, Broadway squad; Superintendent Kelso, Mayor Hall, Inspectors Dilks and Walling; Fourth precinct police, Captain Ullman, one hundred members.

Fire Departments under command of Engineer Shay.

Rev. Dr. Pullman officiating Clergyman at the grave.

The Pall bearers, Chief Justice Chase, Senator Trumbull, Thurlow Weed, J. Chamberlin, Rev. Bright, W. Orton, D. W. Bruce, S. Tousey D. S. Gregory, H. J. Johnson, W. M. Evarts, J. E. Williams, Senator Fenton, Erastus Brooks, Robt. Bonner, R. M. Hoe, Peter C. Baker, J. G. Lightbody, Chas. R. Storrs.

HEARSE.

Ida and Gabrielle Greeley and other mourners, in carriages.

The President of the United States, Vice President Colfax and Vice President Elect, Henry Wilson, in an open landau, surrounded by fifty Policeman as a guard of honor.

Governor Hoffman and Governors of adjoining States.

The Tribune Editorial and Reportorial Staff.

Typographical Society, Union League Club, Members of the Common Council, Heads of Departments, Distinguished officials from adjoining cities in carriages, two deep, to the number of eighty-five.

Members of the Liberal Republican General Committee, Union Republican General Committees, Tammany Hall General Committee, Simon Cameron Association, Sons of Temperance.

Delegations from the Arcadian, Lotos, Farmers, and Rural Clubs, and American Institute, Citizens Generally.

An Immense Multitude of Spectators.

No music was in line, but the procession, as it slowly moved down the avenue presented a magnificently imposing appearance. The doorsteps of all the houses along the avenne, without exception, were thickly crowded, and the windows and balconies were full. The hotels, club houses and public buildings of all kinds presented a sea of human faces. The gathering was greater than the multitude which welcomed the Grand Duke Alexis or watched the funeral of Abraham Lincoln.

From Dr. Chapin's church to Madison Square, a distance of just a mile; the avenue was nearly blockaded. On the outer edge of the sidewalk the crowd were huddled two and three deep. On the sidewalk within there was barely room to pass.

On Madison Square, and on the space before the Fifth Avenue Hotel the concourse was still greater. All along Broadway from Fourteenth Street, through which the cortege moved to Hamilton Ferry, there was a dense mass of people. About Bowling Green, the Battery and the Ferry House the crowd still stood patiently waiting. On the Brooklyn side the same scenes were repeated. Along Union street to Fourth avenue, and down the avenue to the cemetery, stretched the wonderful double lines of watchers.

At Greenwood

there was a still more surprising sight. Here an enormous concourse had gathered standing about the entrance gates, fringing the winding roads, and concentrating about the open grave, so that the mourners, when the cortege arrived, had the greatest difficulty in following the hearse.

About one hundred and twenty carriages followed the remains to Greenwood. the body was deposited in Mrs. Greeley's lot. There were no ceremonies of any kind, further than laying the body in its last resting place.

Incidents.

Thurlow Weed was a pall bearer at his own request. Dudley S. Gregory, also a pall bearer, was the man who leaned Mr. Greeley the thousand dollars with which he started the Tribune.

New-York Tribune. 1873.

Now, as heretofore, THE TRIBUNE strives to be first of all and preeminently a *news* paper.

France a Republic—England and Germany gradually permeated with Republican ideas—Spain swaying in the nerveless grasp of a ruler too good for a King and too weak for a Republican, who is unable to govern the great island that blocks the entrance to our Gulf of Mexico, and equally unable to give it up—the German-speaking peoples agitated by a new Protestantism, separating from the See of Rome on the dogma of Papal Infallibility and assuming to recognize the "Old Catholics"—whole Continent prevaded by the intellectual ferment that comes of the conflict between old ideas, philosophical, theological, material, and the advance of Physical Science—Russia and Great Britan running a race for the final gains that shall determine Asiatic supremacy—China seeming ready to abandon her advances and recluse her half-opened gates—Japan abolishing feudalism and inviting Western civilization to irradiate Western commerce to enrich her long-hidden empire—such are phases of the news from abroad which the mails over all Continents and the wires under all Seas are daily bearing to us. With able and trusted Correspondents in the leading capitals, and wherever great changes are in progress, The Tribune aims, at whatever cost, to lay before its readers the most prompt, complete, and popular presentment of these diverse and conflicting movements,—through all of which, as it fondly trusts, the toiling masses are everywhere struggling up toward larger recognition and a brighter future.

At home the struggle for Freedom seems over. The last slave has long been a citizen; the last opposition to emancipation, enfranchisement, equal civil rights, has been formally abandoned. No party, North or South, longer disputes the result of the War for the Union; all declare that these results must never be undone; and, with a whole people thus united on the grand platform of All Rights for All, whereto our bloody struggle, and the prolonged civil contests that followed, have led us, the Republic closes the records of the bitter, hateful, Past, and turns peacefully, hopefully, to the less alarming because less vital problems of the Future. To whatever may elucidate the general discussion or action on these, The Tribune gives amplest space and most impartial record. Whatever parties may propose, whatever political leaders may say, whatever officers may do, is fairly set down in its columns, whether this serves helps or hinders its own views. Its readers have the right to an honest statement of the facts; and this they always get.

But as to its own political principles, The Tribune is of course, hereafter as heretofore, the champion of Equal Rights, irrespective of Race, Nativity, or Color. It stands inflexibly by the Amendment for the permanent security of those Rights, which have been solemnly incorporated by the People, in the Constitution of the United States. Independent of all political parties, it endeavors to treat them all with judicial fairness. It labors to purify the administration of Government, National, State, and Municipal, and whenever those in authority, whether in National, State, or Municipal affairs, take the lead in the work, it will therein give them its cordial support. But it can never be the servitor of any political party; nor will it surrender or even waive its right to criticise and condemn what is wrong, and commend what is right in the action of any parties or of any public men.

Now, as always, The Tribune labors with all its heart for the promotion of the great material interests of the country. The progress of Invention and of Labor-Saving, the development of our resources, the preservation of our Land for the Landless and its rapid subjugation to human wants, the utilization of our vast underlying Ores, the extension of the facilities for bringing Producer and Consumer nearer together,—whatever tends to swell the sum, increase the knowledge and improve the condition of those devoted to Productive Industry finds mention and encouragement in our columns.

The Weekly Tribune, now more than thirty years old, has endeavored to keep up with the progress of the age in improvement and in enterprise. It devotes a large share of its columns to Agriculture as the most assential and in general of human pursuits. It employs the ablest and most successful cultivators to set fourth in brief, clear essays their practical views of the Farmer's work. It reports public discussions which elucidate that work; gathers from every source agricultural news, the reports of the latest experiments, the stories of the latest successes and failures, and whatever may tend at once to better Agriculture, and to commend it as the first and most important of progressive Arts, based on nature's science.

There are hundreds of thousands engaged in diverse pursuits who own or rent a "place," and give some portion of their time to its culture and improvement. The Weekly Tribune shows them how to make the most of their roods and their hours, both by direction and example. No information equal in quality or quantity can be elsewhere obtained for the price of this journal.

The Weekly Tribune appeals also to Teachers, Students, and persons of enquiring minds, by the character of its Literary contents, which include reviews of all the works proceeding from the master minds of the Old or of the New World, with liberal extracts from those of especial interest. Imaginative Literature also claims attention, but in a subordinate degree. "Home Interests" are discussed weekly by a lady specially qualified to instruct and interest her own sex, and the younger portion of the other. No column is more eagerly sought or perused with greater average profit than hers. The news of the Day, edited by brief comments, is also condensed that no reader can deem it diffuse, while given sufficiently in detail to satisfy the wants of the average reader. Selections are regularly made from the extensive Correspondence of The Daily Tribune from every country, and its editorials of more permanent value are here reproduced. In short, The Weekly Tribune commends itself to Millions by ministering to their intellectual wants more fully than they are met by any other journal, while the regular reports of the Cattle, Country Produce, and other Markets, will of themselves save the farmer who regularly notes them far more than his journal's price.

For the family circle of the educated farmer or artisan, The Weekly Tribune has no superior, as is proved by the hundreds of thousands who, having read it from childhood, still cherish and enjoy it in the prime and on the down hill of life. We respectfully urge these who know its worth to commend The Weekly Tribune to their friends and neighbors, and we proffer it to clubs at prices which barely pay the cost of paper and presswork.

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is published every Tuesday and Friday, and being printed twice a week, it contains nearly all the important News, Correspondence, Reviews, and Editorials of The Daily, including everything on the subject of Agriculture, and much interesting and valuable matter, for which there is not sufficient room in The Weekly Tribune. The Semi-Weekly Tribune also gives, in the course of a year, three or four of the

BEST AND LATEST POPULAR NOVELS,

by living authors. The cost of these alone, if bought in book form, would be from six to eight dollars. Its price has been lately reduced, so that Clubs can now secure it at little more than the cost, to single subscribers, of The Weekly. Nowhere else can so much current intelligence and permanent literary matter be had at so cheap a rate as the The Semi-Weekly Tribune.

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One copy, one year, 104 numbers.....$3 00
Five copies, or over, for each copy.... 2 50
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Always send a draft on New-York, or a Post-Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, but always in a Registered Letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be nearly an absolute protection against losses by mail.

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Grand Opening
FOR 1872.
AT
JOHN CAMP'S
MILROY,

where he has opened with a very large stock of the latest styles, both fancy and common

Parlor, Chamber and Kitchen Furniture.

CHAIRS, of all kinds.

All kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch having four good workmen at the bench. I am prepared to do all kinds of custom work, fine or common.

Thankful for past favors, I hope by strict attention to business you and everybody else will show smiling faces at my new ware rooms.

JOHN CAMP.

jan12.tf.

New Clothing Store
A. STERNBERG,

engaged to manage for I. L. Reizenstein, in the corner building, opposite Hoffer's store, Bellefonte, has established a new Clothing Store where the best bargains in the county are offered.

$7.50 to $15 for Suits of the finest Cassimere.

HATS, CAPS

and a full and complete assortment of every thing in the line of Clothing.

Gent's Furnishing Goods

all directly from their own manufactory. Also.

Jewelry, Watches, &c.

They have engaged their old clerk, Mr. A. Sternberg, so well known to the people, and who will be pleased to see his old friends. apl.

Piece goods of every discription, sold low to enable everybody to have his clothing made to order.

OMAHA LOTTERY.
A NOBLE CHARITY.
To erect the
NEBRASKA STATE ORPHAN ASYLUM,
To be Drawn in Public,
DECEMBER 30th, 1872.

$230,505.00

Tickets $1.00 *Each or Six for* $5.00.
Tickets sent by Express C. O. D., if desired.

1 Grand Cash Prize,		$75,000
1 Grand Cash Prize,		25,000
1 Grand Cash Prize,		15,000
1 Grand Cash Prize,		10,000
1 Cash Prize,		5,000
1 Cash Prize,		4,000
2 Cash Prizes, $3,000 each		6,000
4 Cash Prizes, $2,000 each		8,000
2 Cash Prizes, $1,000 each		2,000
50 Cash Prizes, Each $100		5,000
100 " " "	50	5,000
200

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRIDAY DEC., 13, 1872.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

—Mr. John Horner, shot a bear, about two miles beyond this place, quite near the pike leading to Bellefonte, on last Saturday.

—The Lock Haven newspapers announce the death of G. O. Deise, esq., on Wednesday last. Mr. Deise was well known throughout the state as a lawyer and politician. In 1867 and 1868, he served in the House with credit and ability. He previously discharged the duties of district attorney of Clinton county to the entire satisfaction of its people. He died of consumption.

—Whatever cannot be had at the Model Book Store, of Jas. Welch & Co., for a holiday present, is not worth having: you there find the greatest and most elegant assortment of fancy articles you can think of. The Model Book Store just now presents a complete museum in this respect, admittance free. Go all and see though you do not wish to buy.

See Welch's advertisement.

—The Philipsburg Journal says that married women bombarded a dancing party the other night.

Le Bon Ton, Journal de Modes; gives monthly, five fine and highly colored steel engravings, beside these one large uncolored plate, beautifully executed by the best artist of Paris.

One year, monthly, $6, single copies 50 cents, two patterns are given with each number worth more than the price paid for the Journal.—Published in New York.

—If you wish to buy a handsome book as a Christmas present for a friend, the Model Book Store, of Jas. Welch & Co., is the place where you can please yourself in a selection. A large stock of books and fancy articles, intended for the holidays, is now ready for customeas, at low prices.

$75,000 IN CASH FOR $1.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of the Nebraska State Orphan Asylum. Here is a chance to win a fortune in a Public Legal Drawing, and at the same time help a noble and worthy institution.

—Sunday 28th, the Lords Supper will be administered in the Aaronsburg Luth. church by Rev. Sahm.

—The epizooty is abating in our valley, and horses are getting more numerous on the highways.

—Samuel Musser is a new citizen of Centre Hall having moved over from Bellefonte this week.

—Geo. B. Harpster, a native of this town, and who built some of its best houses, intends moving to Lena, Ill., in a few days.

—R. H. Porter, formerly of the Old Fort Hotel, this week fitted to Houtzdale, where, with G. S. Porter, formerly of this place, he will engage in the grocery business.

—The weather was cold and extremely stormy this week.

—The roads in this county have been in tollerable condition for sleighing for some two weeks.

—The name of the colored person who cut another man with a razor, at Bellefonte one day last week, is Abraham Jackson, and the individual who was cut bears the name of Peter Devine. The cause of the rumpus is not known.

For the Reporter.

Our friends, Joseph Gilliland and Wm. Aikens, killed a fine doe the other day, in the Seven Mountains. At the house of David Gilliland the aforesaid doe was prepared for an excellent dinner. David told some of the good old stories, which Mr. Spangler, Joe, Billie, and Mr. Stiver and wife from Bedford, were the willing hearers. It was a first class farmer's dinner, and we enjoyed it splendidly.

JOHN.

TRAGEDY IN JAIL.—Joseph Herrold, says the Lewistown Gazette, a German stranger in these parts, hung himself in the county jail on Monday evening. The circumstances were these: A few months ago Herrold was put to jail, on a charge of stealing a watch and some other articles at the Union House. He protested his innocence and, there having been no regular commitment, he was released on habeas corpus. He went away, but returned last week to get his clothing. He was then again arrested on the old charge and lodged in jail. He again vehemently protested his innocence and appeared to brood much over his troubles, as he called them. Monday morning he assisted Sheriff Muthersbough in butchering in the jail yard. About 4 p. m., he proceeded to his cell, and on the way he told one of his fellow prisoners, Joseph Griffith, that he intended to commit suicide. Joe, however, regarded the threat as idle talk only. An hour afterward one of the Sheriff's daughters carried Herrold's supper to the cell and called, but receiving no answer supposed he was asleep. Calling her sisters the door was unlocked when to their horror they beheld his body hanging by a woolen scarf to the door, and the scarf attached to the iron bars in the window of the door, and his legs extended along the floor so as to let his body down.

—NEBRASKA IS TO HAVE A STATE ORPHAN ASYLUM:—$230,505 is offered in Cash Prizes. The appeal is made on the grounds of humanity, from a new State, where the tide of immigration is immense, and where such an institution is greatly needed. The highest Prize is $75,000. The tickets are $1, each or six for $5. J. M. Pattee, of Omaha, has been chosen the General Manager of this legal and humane undertaking, which is endorsed by the Governor and best business men of the State

CENTRE COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—Twenty-sixth annual session will be held in Reynolds' Hall Bellefonte, commencing on Tuesday morning, December, 31st, at 9 o'clock, closing on Friday evening, January, 3d, 1873. Teachers of both Public and Private Schools, and all persons intending to become teachers, are invited to become members and enjoy the advantages of the Institute.

The exercises will consist of Teachers' Sessions, or working sessions, during the day, and Lectures and Readings in the evening. The Day Sessions will be devoted to practical, every-day school work, and will be so arranged as to afford every teacher present an opportunity to participate. Instruction will be given in all the branches taught in our public schools, and methods of teaching the same discussed. A lesson on the theory of teaching will be given at every session. It is desirable that this part of the work should be performed by those most interested—the teachers themselves, and all are expected to take part. Tuesday evening lecture—"Duties of Parents, Directors, Teachers and Pupils," by Rev. A. R. Horne, Principal, Keystone State Normal School. Wednesday evening, address.—Hon. S. P. Wickersham, State Supt. of Public Schools. Thursday evening, Elocutionary Entertainment.—Prof. J. W. Shoemaker. Friday evening, Lecture—"Manners and Morals in School," by James Calder, D. D., President Pennsylvania Agricultural College. All the above lectures will be free to the public. Efforts will be made to entertain lady teachers free. The proprietors of the following hotels have very generously offered to furnish board and lodging at the following reduced rates, viz: Bush House per day, $1,50. Brockerhoff House, per day $1,00 Butts' House, per day, 1,00. Garman's Hotel, prices moderate.

President Grant has nominated the Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, as Minister to Russia, vice Andrew G. Curtin, resigned.

—The Tribune states that the Misses Greeley are unwilling, under any circumstances, that the plan for a subscription for their personal benefit should be adhered to.

Pauperism and Crime.

The Superintendent of the Census has just made up the statistics of pauperism and crime in the United States as the advance sheets which reach us with the remark "that neither the "statements of crime nor those of pau-"perism for the year are regarded as "possessing any high degree of statis-"tistical authority. They are believ-"ed, however, to contain a very much "larger amount of exact and of "approximate information than "it is in the power of any indi-"vidual or of any other public agen-"cy to collect. The numbers reported "respectively as receiving poor-sup-"port and as in prison on the 1st of "June, 1870, are regarded as quite "accurately determined."

The information here noted as "quite accurately determined" is very interesting. On the 1st of June, 1870 there were 42,901 persons in prison throughout the United States, or 1 incarcerated criminal to every 1,172 of population, and 66,737 paupers, or 1 in every 402 of population. Of the criminal, 24,173 were native born, showing 1 in 1,364 of our native population in durance vile. Dividing the native born by color, there were 16,-117 whites, or 1 criminal in each 1,-746, and 8,046 negroes, or 1 criminal in each 606 of that race, revealing the notable circumstances that there are proportionately three times as many criminal blacks as whites. The foreighn-born criminals number 8,728 or 1 in every 637. As to paupers, there are 53,939 native born, or 1 in 622, and 22,698 foreign born, or 1 in 244. Of the native-born paupers 44,539 were white, or 1 in 853, and 9,367 black, or 1 in 520. Tabulating these deductions, which we make from the Superintendent's figures, it appears that pauperism and crime are thus distributed:

	Criminals.	
Native white	16,117—1 in	1,744
Negroes	8,056—1 in	609
Foreign born	8,726—1 in	637
	Paupers.	
Native white	44,539—1 in	753
Negroes	9,400—1 in	520
Foreign born	22,798—1 in	244

Out of the 32,901 criminals 6,246, or about one-fifth, are in the reconstructed States, and 4,204, or two-thirds, of these offenders are negroes. In the same States there are 6,250 paupers, or about an eighth of the whole number, and 4,556 of these are blacks.

The white population of these ten States being 4,608,369, and the negroes numbering 3,615,701, the Superintendent's figures furnish us with this further deduction:

	Population.	Criminals.	Paupers.
Whites	4,608,369	1 in 2,1	1 in 2,800
Negroes	3,615,701	1 in 860	1 in 776

—or that negroes of the South have in round numbers about four times as many paupers and three times as many criminals as the whites, while a million less in number than the whites. But bad as is the showing made by poor Cuff in the reconstructed States, he is far better off there, as respects either pauperism or crime, than in the old free States. In these there are 364 001 negroes, and of these 1,748 are criminals and 2,-594 paupers, or one criminal in 208 and one pauper in 140, or four times as many criminals and five times as many paupers in proportion among Northern as there are among Southern negroes. Why there should be this great difference, some adept in social science might do well to tell.

HOW THE ELECTORAL VOTE IS CAST —The Presidential Electors, chosen November 5th by law, are required to meet on the first Wednesday of December, at such places as the Legislature of each State has directed, which is generally the capitol of the State, and give their votes. They are required to make and sign and seal up three separate certificates of their votes and to certify on the cover or envelope containing each of said certificates that a list of the votes cast for President and Vice President is contained therein. Each of these packages is also to contain a certified list of the Electors of the State. One of the packages so sealed and certified is to be sent by the hands of one of the Electors to the President of the Senate of the United States; one of them is to be forthwith deposited in the post-office, also directed to the President of the Senate; and the third is to be delivered to the United States Judge for the district in which the Electors have assembled to vote. The first mentioned of the packages is required to be delivered to the President of the Senate before the next Wednesday of the succeeding January. The law further provides that Congress shall be in session on the second Wednesday of Febuary succeeding every meeting of Presidential Electors, when the said packages containing the vote shall be opened, the vote counted, and persons who shall fill the offices of President and Vice-President shall be ascertained and declared, agreeably to the Constitution.

The Latest Discoveries in the Polar Regions.

Although the North Pole has not yet been reached, notable progress has recently been made in the exploration of the zone of which it is the center. During the past summer, several voyages have been accomplised; and of the results thereby determined, we are now begining to learn the first particulars.

Dr. Augustus Petermann, the eminent German geographer, has received advices, via Norway, that the land at the east of the islands of Spitzbergen, of which the position has frequently changed on the charts during the past two centuries, has at last been reached, and that, during the month of August last, it was thoroughly explored by Capt. Nils Johnsen, of Tromsoe. Another Norwegian, Capt. Altmann, of Hammerfest, although reaching the same locality, failed to make observations of any importance, so that it was reserved for Captain Johnsen to complete the work. He left Tromsoe for the fisheries of Nova Zembla in the yacht Lydiana with a crew of nine men. At the beginning of June, says Dr. Peterman, he shaped his course toward the western part of the vast sea which extends between the islands of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. During the latter part of the same month he arrived some 80 kilometers to the south east of the Ryk islands (a little group off the coast of Spitzbergen) and in the midst of the great polar current that transports enormous quantities of ice toward the eastern shores of the Spitzbergen and Baren islands. In the following July and August, the ice current turned more to the eastward, leaving the western half of the sea comparatively clear. Captain Johnsen, who meantime was making large hauls of fish on the great Spitzbergen banks, suddenly discovered on the afternoon of the 16th of August that he had been carried to over 70 degrees north latitude, and shortly after perceived the land which it is believed appears on the charts of 1617 under the name of Wiche or Gillis Land. Finding the sea open on the east and southeast shores of this island, Johnsen anchored his vessel near the northeast point at latitude about 79 degrees north, and disembarked in order to explore the surroundings, to ascend a mountain near the coast, and also to obtain a supply of the wood which he saw in enormous quantities on the beach. The main island he found to be accompanied by others smaller in extent. On no portion of the land could extended snowfields be seen. One glacier was visible on the southeast coast, while numerous streams of clear water were apparent.

The length of the island between its furtherest points was determined to be 44 marine miles. The drift wood had accumalated in vast heaps, hundreds of feet above the sea level. The principal animals inhabiting the polar regions were observed, and especially the Greenland seal, which appeared in immense numbers. The explorers evince considerable surprise at the reindeer, which they state are fatter and larger in size than any they had ever seen. On the back of one of these animals, fat was found of over three inches in thickness. Specimens of argillaceous and quartziferous rock were collected and, with some fossil vegitation, forwarded to museums in Europe for examination. On the evening of the 17th of August, Johnsen departed, following the southern and south eastern shores of the island. There was no ice except on the north coast, while in a northeasterly direction the sea was open as far as the eye could reach. Regarding the Austrian expedition of Payer and Wieprecht, we have news was near the Isle of Barentz 70 degrees 7 north latitude and 58 degrees 24 longitude east of Paris. There is little of novelty communicated other than that the temperature of the sea, as taken, verifies the figures adopted by Dr. Petermann, on the charts. "Much thick ice has been encountered" says M. Payer, "but with the aid of steam we have no difficulty in penetrating it."

True to the core.—A good apple.

To make your horse very fast.—Tie him.

Who is the greatest terrifier? Fire.

DEATHS.

On 30 ult., in Millheim, George Gramly, aged 80 years 2 months and 14 days.

MARRIAGES.

On 5th inst., at the residence of Mr. Perry Gates, by Rev M. G. Earhart, Mr. Joseph Heberling to Miss Colderwood, both of Furguson twp.

Holiday Goods!

HOLIDAY GOODS!
HOLIDAY GOODS!

Just opened. A rare collection of Holiday Goods, including Splendidly bound and illustrated books of Peory, History, Travels, Biography and Novels.

Juvenile and Picture books.

Initial paper, Gold pens and pencils, Portfolios, Writing desks, Ladies Work boxes, Vases, Satchels, Work and Card baskets, Brackets, Picture frames, Book Racks, Wall pockets, Bags and Belts, Pocket-Looks and Diaries for 1873.

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS,

including every variety of German, French and American toys. Just received and for sale by

JAMES WELCH & CO.
opposite the Bush House.
13dec3t Bellefonte.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff, arising from the sale of personal property of Harry Jacobs, has appointed the 8th day of January, 1873, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day to hear and determine all such questions as may be submitted to him pertaining to the case, at his office in Bellefonte, when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper. J. S. BARNHART, Auditor.

GREAT OFFERS TO AGENTS are made by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADY'S FRIEND. A beautiful Chromo of the CHILD-PROPHET "SAMUEL," worth $5,00, is given with the Paper (subscription price $3,00) or with the Magazine (price $2,50.) Do not fail to examine into this offer, it is A GREAT COMBINATION!! Address for particulars, samples, &c., *Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.* dec13.1m

AGENTS WANTED EOR
Boston and its Destruction.

A full, detailed and graphic account of the origin, progress, suffering, losses and incidents of the great conflagration. A rare chance for agents, as every person wants to know the full particulars of this great disaster. Sent by mail for 50 cents.
WILLIAM FLINT,
Philadelphia, Pa., or Cincinnati, Ohio.
dec13.1m²

TRUE TIME ONE $1. $50,000 SOLD.

Magnetic Time-Keeper, Compass and indicator. A perfect GEM for the pocket of every traveler, trader, boy, farmer, and for EVERYBODY desiring a reliable timekeeper, and also a superior compass. Usual watch-size, steel works, glass crystal, all in a neat OROIDE case. WARRANTED to denote correct time and to keep in order—if fairly used—for two years. Nothing like it! This perfect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to any address, for only $1; 3 for $2. Circulars sent free. Try one. Order from the manuf'r, VERMONT NOVELTY WORKS, Brattleboro, Vt. dec13.1m.

A Noble Charity.
OMAHA LOTTERY
in aid of the
Nebraska State Orphan Asylum.
To be drawn in Public, Dec. 30th, 1872.
Tickets $1. Each or Six for $5.
Tickets sent by Express C. O. D., if desired.

1 Grand Cash Prize	$75,000
1 Grand Cash Prize	25,000
1 Grand Cash Prize	15,000
1 Grand Cash Prize	10,000
1 Cash Prize	5,000
1 Cash Prize	4,000
2 Cash Prizes, $3,000 each	6,000
4 Cash Prizes, $2,000 each	8,000
1 Cash Prize, $1,000 each	2,000

For balance of Prizes send for Circular.
This Legal Enterprise is endorsed by the highest authority of the State and best business men.
The limited number of Tickets on hand will be furnished those who apply first.
All Prizes will be paid in full. Agents Wanted. For full particulars address
J. M. PATTEE,
General Manager, Omaha, Neb.

ILLINOIS FARM FOR SALE!

240 ACRES; FIRST CLASS LAND; only 6 years improved from prairie soil, with buildings, orchard &c, It is 8 miles directly south of Joliet, next to Chicago the most thriving city in the state and 14 miles east of the incorporated village of Elwood situated on Chicago & St. Louis R. R 45 miles from Chicago, the great market of this country, and 10 miles from coal regions. Population largely interspersed with 1st class Penn'a. Germans.

I desire to invest in Commercial business. Address W. NICHOLSON,
nov 27 3m Elwood, Will Co. Ill.

Terrible Railroad Accident.

Five Persons Killed and Others Injured.

Mifflin, Pa. December 5.—A terrible accident occurred on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, about fifty miles west of Harrisburg, this evening. The second section of the Cincinnati express bound East ran into the rear of the first section and smashed into two Pullman cars. Five bodies have been removed from the debris, the names of which are as follows: Matthew Knowles and J. W. Bacon, both of Chicago; and W. W. Dantz, wife and child, of Green Lake, Wis. Five persons were injured, none seriously. Every person on the second train escaped uninjured.

Owing to the immense travel on the Pennsylvania railroad the Cincinnati express east has to be devided into two sections, the one running about ten miles behind the other. On Thursday night the first section started from Altona thirty-seven minutes late and the second one hour and sixteen minutes, which placed the former about twenty miles ahead of the latter. Between Altoona and Lewistown, the second section made up thirty-four minutes lost time, while the first lost three minutes. At Bixler's station, two miles east of Lewistown, both took water, and before leaving the flagman of the leading train placed the precautionary percussion caps on the track as a warning to the one following. The engineer of the latter respected the signal, but seeing no train before him and supposing it many miles in advance he resumed his speed. As the first section approached Mifflin it slackened from schedule speed to about fifteen miles an hour. Just west of the town is Lauber's curve, and while passing through it the engineer of the second section of the express noticed that the first section was but 150 feet ahead. The patent air brake was immediately reversed, but the coupling broke, and the locomotive, tender and express car were detached from the other cars (the air brake being operative on the latter) and ran into the rear end of a Pullman palace car, in which two gentleman, two ladies and two children were sleeping. The engine struck with much violence and sent the car whizzing through about one-third of the sleeper directly ahead, telescoping the two. The consequence was the broths in the rear end of the latter were badly demolished and five of the occupants tightgtly wedged in and it is supposed instantly killed, while three sustained slight injuries. The porter, a young colored man, was sleeping in the rear end at the time the engine struck, and the concussion did no more than arouse him from his sleep. The gentleman and lady occupying a berth at the other end were surrounded with broken timbers (fragments of the wreck), but they were not injured in the least.

Mrs. Sayre, one of the wounded, was obliged to endure some pain and much suspense before she could be removed from a very trying position. It appears she was prepairing to retire when the run in took place, and while sitting or standing the floor was torn up and her leg was caught between the wood. From the time her situation was discovered until her rescue over an hour elapsed, and in order to get out the limb the rear car had to be lifted up with jacks. Those who assisted in freeing her were agreeably surprised to her her say that her injuries were immaterial and then walk off as if scarcely anything had happened her.

The reason the first section ran behind schedule speed was because the requisite quantity of steam could not be generated with the inferior coal used. It is said that good fuel could not be procured because of the obstacles thrown in the way by the horse disease.

On Friday night, the flagman of the first section and the engineer of the second section testified. Both these men again gave their evidence on Saturday, the former reiterating the statement that he had waved a red light to the engineer when over a mile in advance of him and that he had felt sure that the latter observed the signal of warning, as the section seemed to slacken. The engineer repeated his testimony in substance—that when he turned the curve and came on the straight track the headlight of an approaching freight locomotive obstructed his vision to such an extent that he could not have seen the danger signal.

What commits the greatest abominations? Nations.

ESTATE OF DAVID STOVER, dec'd of Penn township.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of Administration over above estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate are called upon to make payment forthwith, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN H FRANK.
JOHN STOVER,
nov 29 6t Adm'rs

To The Public.

The undersigned having purchased all the machinery, tools, stock, &c., heretofore belonging to the Foundry and Machine Shops of the Centre Hall Manufacturing Company, hereby notify the citizens of Centre county that the business of said establishment has been resumed, and will be carried on as heretofore, in all its various branches as a FOUNDRY, MACHINE SHOP, AND MANUFACTORY OF FARMING IMPLEMENTS. The undersigned therefore respectfully solicit the public patronage, confident that they will render the utmost satisfaction in all work done by them, having made such additions and improvements in the establishment as will enable them to carry on upon a larger scale than heretofore.
VAN PELT & CO.
nov 21 4t

EXECUTERS SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans Court of Centre County will be sold on the premises in Potter township in said county, on Saturday the 21st day of December, 1872, at 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, all the following described real estate, consisting of two lots of land, late of Phoebe L. Keen, of said twp., dec'd. One thereof Bounded north and south by lands of John Wagner, east by land of Jonas From, and west by lands of John Jorden, containing 2 acres and 79 perches, thereon erected a two story Frame Dwelling house, stable shop and other out buildings. The other thereof consisting of wood land, bounded by lands of Wm. Armagast, Peter Ruble and Wm. Mulbarger, containing 2 acres, more or less.

TERMS OF SALE.—One half the purchase money to be paid in hand on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year, secured by bond and Mortgage of the premises. ROBERT LEE,
Executer.

THE LOGAN CEMENT CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers IN
SUPERIOR CEMENT.

The Cement is of the very Best Quality, guaranteed to be Superior to any in the State.

All orders sent by mail should be addressed to W. P. M'MANUS, Agent,
P. O Box, 16, Bellefonte, Centre Co. Pa.
26 July tf.

THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY
good Boots & Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Have just received 50 cases of Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell the cheapest and best Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Are the only ones in Centre co. that have Lester Bro's & Co., Boots & Shoes.

Lester Bro's & Co., Boots and Shoes are warranted.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell them at Cash prices.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes never leak or crack.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes always give satisfaction.

Thousands in this county and out of it have tried these Boots & Shoes. They have been tested and tried for 15 years and always have given Extra satisfaction.

If you want to save doctor bills buy your Boots and Shoes from Burnside & Thomas.

You can buy the best articles of Tobacco and cigars at half price at Burnsides & Thomas.

The reason you can get such bargains at Burnside & Thomas, they sell for Cash. july19,'6

C. F. Herlacher N. Cronmiller.
NEW GOODS!
FRESH ARRIVAL
OF
FALL GOODS!!!
HERLACHER & CRONMILLER

Wish to inform the citizens of Potter that they have opened an entire new stock of goods in their old quarters, and will keep constantly on hand a full and good assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
consisting of
ALPACAS, Poplins, PLAIDS, Lustres.
and all other kinds of
DRESS GOODS,
full line of
NOTIONS and FANCY Goods
Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes
CROCKERY, QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE, CEDARWARE,
SUGARS,
TEAS, COFFEES,
FISH, SALT,
etc., etc., etc.,
All of which we offer at greatly reduced prices.
Highest prices paid for country produce.
By strict attention to business we hope to merit and receive the patronage of the public

NE PLUS ULTRA.

No Better Place!

The subscriber is just receiving from the eastern cities a Full Stock of
FALL and WINTER GOODS
which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of

DRY GOODS and

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.

NOTIONS:

A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c,

HATS & CAPS,

A full assortment of
Men's Boy's and Children's
of the latest style and best.

CLOTHING,

Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.

BOOTS & SHOES,

A very large stock of Men's Women's and Children's and sold very low.

Queensware,

full assortment.

GROCERIES

a full stock at the lowest prices.
At the old stand of
WM. WOLF.

W. J. McManigal,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
HARDWARE and CUTLERY,
Iron, Nails, Oils, Paints, Varnishes, Wall Paper, &c.
Milroy Mifflin Co., Pa.

To Shoemakers,
I have just received a large stock of
FRENCH KIP
FRENCH MOROCCOES
FRENCH CALF SKINS
LINING SKINS
RUSSIA BRISTLES
RED SOLE LEATHER
SHOE MAKERS TOOLS
PAT. AWLS, HAFTS AT 10 CENTS
SHOE THREAD &c.
Call early and examine
Oct 11 3m WM'J M'MANIGAL.

BOSTON
Boot & Shoe Store!
A NEW ESTABLISHMENT
With New Goods & New Prices!

Having determined to engage in business at this place, we have opened up in Room
NO. 5 BUSH'S ARCADE,
BELLEFONTE, PA., the largest,
most complete and cheapest stock of
BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &C.,
that has ever been opened up in this part of the State. At our store you can find in the Boot and Shoe line
Anything You Want,
from the finest boot to the cheapest slipper, and we know if you once call and EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES,
you will concede that it is to your interest to purchase from us.
WE SELL AT BOSTON RATES.
Repairing Neatly Done.
B. L. BATCHELLER & CO.
July 19tf.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
R. F. Rankin & Co.,
(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.
PURE WINE & LIQUORS
for medicinal purposes.
SHOULDER BRACES,
TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety]
Also, Choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in first class Drug Store.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED,
R. F. RANKIN & CO.

USE
PAIN CURE OIL
"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT"
FOR
Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness.
BUY IT! TRY IT!
For Fever and Ague, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Rheumatism, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Neuralgia, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Fever Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Cholera Morbus, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Sprains, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Headache, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Bruises, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Corns and Bunions, Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Lameness, . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
EVERY BOTTLE IS WARRANTED,
And we challenge the world to produce its equal.
Used Externally and Internally for
MAN AND BEAST.
Ask for PAIN CURE OIL. Take no other, for we GUARANT IT TO BE.
It is not a strong ammonia preparation, but a soothing compound, made from Pure Vegetable Oils, Herbs and Extracts, and is clean and safe to use.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
McCLURE & EATON, Proprietors,
Reading, Pa
Sold wholesale and retail by F. P. Green.

W. A. CURRY,
BOOT & SHOE MAKER
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call.
Oct 11. 3m.

School Tax.

To all whom it may concern: The duplicate of school Tax for Potter school district for the 1872, has been placed in the hands of Fred Kurtz, Treasurer of the School Board, in accordance with the Act of Assembly of 1869, for collection.

All persons paying said tax on or before the 15th of November, will be allowed a deduction of five per cent; from the 15th of November to 14th of Dec. no deduction and after that date 6 per cent will be added. By order of the Board.
FRED KURTZ,
Sept. 20. Treasurer.

THE Very Best Buenos Ayers
Sole Leather,
FRENCH, GERMAN AND COUNTRY
CALF SKINS,
SHOEFINDINGS, &c., &c.,

At reasonable rates, next door to C. D. Keller's store, Bishop Stree Bellefonte Penn'a.
E. GRAHAM & SON.
Oct 11 tf.

A. SUSSMAN
LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.

in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of
WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.
Kips and Calf Skins
French and City Finish.
STRING LEATHER, SHOE-FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Raw Hides
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Trunks and Valises
OF ALL KINDS.
RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.
Clover and Timothy Seed
always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS especially bought and the highest Cash price paid.
Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.
Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. ap5.tf.

ADAM HILD,
PAINTER, MILROY, Mifflin co., Pa.
offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin Centre and adjoining counties, in
House, Sign and Ornmenatal Painting.
GRAINING
Oak, Walnut, Maple. Ash, Mahogony, &c.
Plain and Fancy Paperhanging. Orders respectfully solicited.
All fine work done for other painters.
June 7 y.

JOHN C. MOTZ & CO.
BANKERS.
MILLHEIM, CENTRE CO., PA.
Receive Deposits and allow interest.
Discount Notes.
Make Collections,
Issue Eastern Exchange.
And a general Banking Business done.
JOHN C. MOTZ,
A WALTER, Cashier. PRESIDENT.
mar22tf.

C. PECK. J. T. LEE.
PECK & LEE'S
New
Coach Manufactory.
CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned have opened a new establishment, at their new shops, for the manufacture of
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY
of every description.
All vehicles manufactured by them are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.
They use none but the best material, and employ the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Come and examine our work before contracting elsewhere.
PRICES REASONABLE,
All kinds of Repairing done.
apr7 PECK & LEE.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.
Corrected by C. D. Keller.
White Wheat $1,80, Red 160....Rye.....75.....Corn 60 ....Oats 40.....Barley 60.
70.....Clo rerseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45.
Lard per pound 7.....Pork per pound 06
Butter 20.....Eggs 20. .....Plaster perton $14
Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS
White wheat 1,75....Red wheat 1,65....Rye 60.....Corn 60.....Oats 35.....Barley 50.....
Cloverseed 4,50.....Timothyseed, 350.....
Salt 2 50 per sack.....
Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 20... Eggs 15.....Plaster 9 50

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

The proprietor of Rynder's Music Store desires to call the attention of the people of Centre county, to the fact that they
Can Save Money
by purchasing their musical instruments of Rynder's Music Store. We are selling
Double Reed, Six Stop, Five Octave Organs, at $140,
(superior in tone and finish, to those that are hawked and peddled throughout the country at $175 to $200.) These we warrant for five years. We give any reasonable credit desired to responsible parties.

We beg leave to call your attention to the following instruments, sold in Pennsvalley this year, which you would do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere:

CENTRE HALL.
S. S. WOLF, Rynder Organ..... $225 00
WM. GALBRAITH, Rynder Organ..... 140.00

LEMONT.
DR. J. Y. DALE, American Organ..... $375.00
PETER SCHRECK, Rynder Organ..... 140.00

AARONSBURG.
WM. ETTINGER, Rynder Organ..... $240.00

BOALSBURG.
MISS E. E. HUNTER, Melodion..... $130.00

In a few weeks we will call attention to our
PIANO DEPARTMENT.
In short by writing a letter to us and getting our prices—we deliver all instruments—
You Can Save From $40 to $60 on an Organ.
Address,
***RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,* Lock Haven, Pa.**

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
C. D. KELLER,
BISHOP STREET BELLEFONTE, PENNA,
is now prepared, at the Old Stand on Bishop Street, to sell
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Boots, Shoes, Carpets,
CEDAR AND WILLOW WARE, &C., &C.,
at greatly reduced prices. He is also prepared to purchase
ALL KINDS OF GRAIN!
FOR WHICH HE WILL PAY THE
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE!
ASH PURCHASERS WILL FIND SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS THERE
apr.19tf. C. D. KELLER

I. Guggenheimer.
NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of
SPLENDID NEW GOODS,
embracing
READY MADE CLOTHING,
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES
and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.
ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.
P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in
LEATHER AND SHOE-FINDINGS,
CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS,
in the old room, where he may alway be found. 12ap.tf.

COAL,
LIME,
and POWDER!

COAL.—Wilkesbarre Coal, Chestnut Stove, Egg, furnace and foundry, Coal—of best quality, at the lowest prices. Customers will please note that our coal is housed under commodious sheds.

LIME—Wood or coal-burnt Lime, for sale at our kilns, on the pike leading to Milesburg.

POWDER.—Having received the agency for Du Pont's Powder AT WHOLESALE, we shall be pleased to receive orders from the trade.

Office and yard near south end of Bald Eagle Valley R. R. Depot, Bellefonte, Pa.
nov4 SHORTLIDGE & CO

Last Notice.

SETTLE UP.—Notice is hereby given that the books of the Centre Hall Manufacturing Company have been placed into the hands of J. P. Gephart, esq., of Bellefonte, for settlement. All Persons indebted to said company are hereby notified to make settlement within thirty days, and save costs.
CENTRE HALL MF'G. CO.
nov27 3t

WAR! WAR!
On High Prices.
GREAT EXCITEMENT.

Chicago and Boston.

On Sunday evening October 8, 1871, as the worshippers in the City of Chicago were returning to their homes from their respective churches, the fire alarm broke upon their ears. It had been ringing incessantly for several days, and the people had come to look upon it as a daily visitation; and, notwithstanding two entire blocks had been consumed the previous night, no serious fears were created by the fresh outbreak. This alarm was the *precursius* of the city's doom. The fire spread with fearful rapidity, continuing all through the Sunday night, Monday and Tuesday, being only extinguished when nothing was left to burn. It destroyed all the theatres, all the hotels, nearly all the churches and every public building of note. The loss in property, real estate and personal, covered more than two hundred million dollars; 150,000 persons were rendered homeless; the commerce of the city was for the time swept away; the grain interets were almost killed, and the flourishing and beautiful Queen City of the West was left mourning her desolation amid the ruins of her greatness. A disaster so sweeping and destructive in the history of conflagrations swept upon the country like a thunder-bolt, and when the crisis was passed men fervently thanked God that such a visitation came but once in a century. On November 9, 1872, the mighty heart of the American Continent was shaken by the fearful intelligence that Boston, the sedate, the staid and the conservative capital of the New England States, was enveloped in flames in all its business part, that the Chicago tragedy was being repeated, and all that was finest, noblest and best in the far-famed hub of the universe was threatened with a sweeping overthrow. In some respects the two fires in the Western and Eastern cities have a wonderful similarity to each other: in others they were widely different, and, as your correspondent has had the good fortune, or bad fortune, to have been present in both cities in the period of their destruction, a comparison between the two and the manner in which they were assailed by the flames may prove interesting. Boston is one of the oldest cities on the Continent, teeming with historical recollections and impressedly associated with the growth and the greatness of the American Republic. Built after the old English models, its narrow streets, crooked lanes and winding alleys have long been the abomination of travelers accustomed to the more noble thoroughfares of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. Its buildings are constructed with a view that they should endure for centuries, and its massive blocks of bricks, granite and marble met the eye of the stranger on every side. No waste ground has been left by the designers, and every available spot is covered with structures of every kind down to the water's edge, the warehouses and stores extended, and the whole city presented the appearance of a compact mass of masonary and brick work. During all the changes of these centuries the salient features of Boston had not changed until an element burst upon it, which respected not antiquity, durability nor historical associations, but enveloped all in one common ruin. The Chicago of the past was in every respect different from Boston. It resembled it not in the formation of the streets or construction of its buildings and public edifices. It was, in the first place, the youngest of all the cities of all the West which has risen to greatness, it having though youngest in the race, outstripped all rivals in the struggle for supremacy, and gained the proud title of Queen of the Western portion of the Continent. Forty years ago the Indian hunted where one short twelvemonth since stood the monument which enterprise had risen to science, commerce and art, and a dismal swamp flourished where since a city has been raised on foundations of granite. Modern in its growth, Chicago was modern in its appearance, and though it had many drawbacks in its design, as its sudden destruction had proved, it had many excellent features for the transaction of trade and commerce. Its streets were spacious, lengthy and wide, and the buildings which lined them were elegant, handsome and commodious. The public edifices were erected with lavish but prudent outlay, and were designed to be fireproof, with what result the fire has long since shown. In one respect Chicago was infinitely inferior to Boston, that was in the more fragile nature of her dwelling houses, which, springing up at an early period of the city's existance were mainly composed of lumber and boards. This was the fatal cause and origin of the fire, and from it a valuable lesson has been learned by the architects of the new and more flourished community which is rapidly springing up from the ashes of October, 1871. In another respect it differed from Boston; it covered a larger area of ground in proportion to its population, and the buildings it contained were scattered at wider intervals from each other. In hotel acommodation it was superior, and in this feature was unexcelled by any city of the continent. There is a wonderful resemblance to be traced in the condition of the weather in Chicago on October 8, 1871, and in Boston on November 9, 1872. The Sabbath evening in Chicago was calm and placid refreshing and beautiful as a Summer eve. Before the fire broke out a gentle breez was blowing, which was delicious after the heat of the day, and the streets were crowded with pedestrians of both sexes. In Boston, on the evening of the fire, the weather was a trifle cold, but not cold enough to be unpleasant. The streets were thronged with people, shopping was going on in endless variety, and all went merry as a marriage bell until the deep funereal knell from the brazen-mouthed voices of the big alarm bells announced the near approach of danger. It was on a moonlight night the fire broke over Chicago. A beautiful moon shone in the heavens over the city of Boston. The harbor looked a sea of glass and the tall masts of the shipping stood out like sentinels of the deep. The wind in Chicago was blowing from the northwest and in Boston from the northwest. Neither cities had been visited with rain for several days before their respective visitations. The ground in both was parched and dry and the atmosphere singularly conductive to sudden conflagration and combustion. Another point of resemblance. The Fire Department in both cities was partially demoralized for some time previous to the fires. In Chicago, the incessant demands which had been made upon the firemen for more than a month had completely worn them out. The fire bells never once ceased to ring. The horses attached to the steamers had become nearly worthless and the men themselves had lost all discipline and had degenerated into a disorganized and disorderly rabble. The inhabitants of the city were thrown into a state of unusual trepidation by this overthrow of a department on which the safety of the city so much depended; but in the fire of the 7th of October, the night preceding the great conflagration, the manner in which they exerted themselves partially restored to confidence which was rudely disappated on the succeeding day. In Boston a similar state of things to a great extent, prevailed, but not through any fault of the firemen. The presence of the dreaded horse disease had so weakened the horses attached to the Fire Department that they had to be taken off, and the engines have for several days been dragged by hand. This was a fatal blunder on the part of the authorities. Better that the lives of a hundred horses should be sacrificed than the city be left to the mercy of an element which is no respecter of time or circumstances. This brings me to the origin in the two cities, and here there was a great want of similarity. In Chicago the fire originated in the meanest and least valuable portion of the city, from thence extending to the wealthiest portion. Of Boston, it broke out in the richest, and was strictly confined within the business centers. The exact cause of the Chicago conflagration has always been a mystry. Popular fiction attributed it to be the action of Mrs. O'Leary's cow which kicked over a kerosene lamp while being milked by its mistress, setting fire to the barn, from which the flames communicated to the surounding buildings and so spread. This fanciful story has undoubtedly been looked upon as a good joke by those who were present in the doomed city on the fatal night. My own opinion, strongly fortified by corroborative proof, is, that incendiarism was at the bottom of the whole thing, aided of course by the favorite state of the weather and the peculiar dryness of the atmosphere.

An Irish Witness In the Box.

"You belong to the Church?" said the agent.

"I?" said the fellow.

"Do you not?" demanded the agent.

"You say I do," was the answer.

"Come, sir, answer—what is your religion?"

"The true religion."

"What religion is that?"

"My religion."

"And what's your religion?"

"My mother's religion."

"And what was your mother's religion?"

"She tuk whiskey in her tay."

"Come, now, I'll find you out, cunning as you are. "You bless yourself, don't you?"

"When I am done with you I think I ought."

"What place of worship do you attend?"

"The most convainyant."

"But of what persuasion are you?"

"My persuasion is that you won't find it out."

"What is your belief?"

"My belief is that you are puzzled.

"Do you confess?"

"Not to you."

"Come, now I have you. Who would you send for if you were likely to die?"

"Dr. Grawlin."

"Not for the priest?"

"I must first get a messenger."

"Confound your quibbling—tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious principles, I mean?"

"They are the same as my landlord's."

"And what are your landlord's opinions?"

"Faix his opinion is that I won't pay him the last half year's rint, and I'm of the same opinion myself.

Execution of Siamese Princesses.

The *Indian Statesman* says:—"There are rumors that three or four princesses of Siam and two servants have been accused of stealing gold chains, diamonds, and precious stones. The gold chains, diamonds and other precious stones that were attached to the King's sword had been taken away, and imitation chains and stones had replaced them. These depredations, it is rumored, were made during the late reign, but have only recently been discovered. Some say those accused of the theft have received ninety lashes each. The servants are to be executed, and the princesses to be disposed of as the law provides for persons of their rank it found really guilty of the theft. Others say the ladies of rank who are implicated are being tried, and it is not yet known what their punishment will be.

If there is any basis for the rumors, and the princesses should be implicated and found guilty, their sentences will doubtless be death. The execution of prinees or princesses would be at some prominent temple. They would be bound and fastened in a bag, a block of chanwood of triangular shape would be placed on the ground, and the fastened body turned face downward, so as to bring the neck below the chin on the triangular block. At a given signal the first executioner, after raising his chanwood cudgel, would strike the fatal blow on the back of the neck, and the three other executioners, similarly armed, would continue their blows on the body until it entirely ceased to quiver. The bag containing the body would then be weighted and thrown into the river. This, it is stated, is the way in which his Royal Highness Krouna Luang Rak Konnassett was executed in 1849.

How Rumors Fly.

We learn from the (S. C.) *News* some events connected with the late fire, about which our papers have been unaccountably silent. It appears that a drunken wretch, the night after the fire, was detected in an attempt to set fire to the gashouse near Charlestown Bridge, and was seized by an unfuriated crowd and instantly hanged to a lamp-post. It also appears that "three men were buried under a falling wall on Washington street, leaving their heads only visible. Efforts were made to rescue them from their perilous position, but in a few moments the remainder of the wall fell, crushing them out of sight." This all speaks badly for the diligence of our newspapers, which have not said a word about those affairs. We learn a little bit of history from the same paper, which states that soldiers are quartered in the Old South Church, which has not been used for such a purpose "since British officers were quartered there during the Revolution, one hundred years ago." Dear! dear! we had no idea it was so long ago. How time flies, to be sure.—*Boston Globe.*

BROKE IT.—In its palmier days the Tontine Association wielded an influence in New York city public affairs commensurate with the character of the leading citizens who were its stockholders, and on more than one occasion this influence was felt beneficially by the people of that city. A notable instance of this was that in which the Tontine deliberately destroyed the expensive and sometimes ruinous custom of distributing costly scarfs to the attendants at funerals. The custom was an old one which nobody had the hardihood to break through, and as a result it was no uncommon thing for a widow to beggar herself and her children in providing the scarfs which the custom demanded of her. Seeing the evil workings of the fashion among people poorer than themselves, the gentlemen composing the association met and formally agreed that they would not distribute scarfs at the funerals of their friends, and their example being warrant enough for everybody else, the custom straightway died.

PUBLIC DISGUST TOO STRONG FOR MRS. FAIR.—At the hour Mrs. Fair was to appear and deliver her lecture on "Wolves in the Fold," in San Francisco, about 2,000 people congregated in front of Platt's Hotel, Montgomery street, and as many more in front of her residence in Kearney street The crowds at both places were boisterous and threatening. At eight o'clock Mrs. Fair demanded from the Chief of the Police an escort of officers to the lecture hall. The Chief advised her that it was dangerous for her to appear on the street or at the hall and refused the escort. He sent men to keep the streets clear and to preserve the peace. A carriage came for Mrs. Fair, but she stayed in her room with about a dozen friends. The crowd hooted and yelled, and some of the men tried to force their way upstairs, but were driven back.

A NEW TRIAL.—In the Supreme Court of New York, General Term, the counsel for Rosenzweig, sent to State prison for abortion under strange and startling circumstances, applied for an order to bring his client from Auburn State Prison to the Tombs. The Court signed an order reversing the trial of the Court of General Sessions and setting aside the judgment of conviction. This, with the District Attorney's commitment, was given to Mrs. Rosenzwaig, the convict's wife, and she started for Auburn after her husband, who will be brought to New York in charge of the Sheriff and held in the City Prison to await a new trial.

NO EXCOMMUNICATION IN GERMANY.—The Ecclesiastical Right bill prohibiting the issue of decrees of excommunication has been submitted to the Diet. It declares that any clergyman who shall by name threaten with punishment, or decree, or proclaim as punishable a subject of Prussia shall be liable to a fine of 5,000 thalers or two years' imprisonment, and ineligible to office for the term of five years.

The coming winter promises to be a peculiarly hard and distressing one for the poor, and the prettiest little ornaments imaginable—urns, hunting-horns, tablets, and the like, made of oxydized silver and set with precious stones—will be universally worn by our belles. (N. B.—It is not by an error of the printer that these two facts are stated in the same sentence.)

The new diet for babies in France is buttermilk, thickened with rice meal, on which it is said they thrive and grow fat.

Weekly Review---New York Market.

BREADSTUFFS. — Flour, — Shipping grades scarce and firm. Medium grades low. Superfine State and Western $5 85 a$6 25; extra State, &c., $7a7 25; Western spring wheat extras, $5 85a$6 25.

Rye Flour—$5 50a6 50.

Corn Meal—dull. Western at $3 20a 3 60.

Buckwheat Flour—$4 10a4 40.

PROVISIONS—Pork—quiet at $16 for mess and $17 for clear.

Beef—was in fair demand and firm,

Bacon—was quiet an the spot at 8c. for long clear.

Cut Meats—were weak on the spot; sales at 14a14½c. for smoked hams; 10a 11c. for pickled Hams.

Lard—closed weak at 8½c. for Western. Sales at 8¼c. for new on the spot, 8¼c. for January, February and March.

Dressed Hogs—lower at 5¾a6¼c.

Butter—was in pretty good demand for prime grades and steady; good to prime state 28a37c.; and fprime western 18a22c. Cheese dull at 14a14½c. for good to fancy state.

Groceries—Rio fairly active and firm at 15a18 1-2c., gold.

Rice steady and in fair demand; Rangoon at 7a7 1-2c., Carolina at 7 1-2a8 1-2c.

Molasses more active.

Raw sugar dull at 9 3-4a10c. for fair to good refining. Refined dull at 12 1-2c. for hards.

Grain—Wheat dull and heavy.

Corn lower at 63 1-2c, not strictly prime at 62 3 4c., and prime, in store, at 63?

Oats — firmer, at 50 1 2a51c., in store for old Western mixed; 53c., afloat, for new No. 2 Toledo; and 50a50 1-2c. for new black Illinois. Barley dull; $1.16 for Canada and 90a95c. for Western.

Rye—Western at 86c., in car loads.

Petroleum was quiet for refined at 27 1-2c; with more business in crude at 14c., in bulk.

Strained rosin was moderately active and quoted $3.75a$3.87 1-2.

Spirits turpentine sold at 62c.

Wool has generally been quiet but prices steady.

Stearine sold at 8 1-2c. for prime in tcs.

Hops were quiet but steady.

Tallow sold at 8 3-4a9c. for Western and city.

Whiskey lower at 93 1-3a94c.

Cotton.—The transactions in cotton on the spot have been fair, limited partially by the scarcity of freight room; market steady; middling uplands 19 1-2 c., and low middling do 19c. Forward deliveries in fair request at ¼c. higher rates. Sales 20,700 bales, closing, by official report, at 19 3-16c. for November, 18 15-16c. for December, 19c. for January, 19 3-16c. for February, 19 3-8c. for March, 19 5-8c. for April, and 19 15-16c. for May.

Why Men Don't Marry.

Rev. Henry Morgan lectured in Boston on "Why men don't marry." His headings were these: Men don't marry—first, because they can't; they can't get the one they want; bachelors have high notions. Second—Because many of them are cowards, they dare not face the music; they dodge the question. Thirdly—Because they are skeptical; they have no faith in woman; think marriage a lottery. Fourth—They are selfish; they cannot yield for anothers' good; can't support a family; want the sweets of life without bearing its burdens. Fifth—Woman's extravagance. Here the speaker showed true cause for man's hesitating—expensive living and extravagant dress. It costs as much to launch a woman on the sea of wedded life as it would do to fit out a small schooner. As to sails, cordage, pennants, streamers, the difference is in favor of the schooner.

Next, whom do men marry? Women, of course. John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse; he 25, she 52. John Wesley married a vixen. Peter the Great married a peasant girl. Humboldt married a poor girl he loved. Shakespeare wedded a farmer's daughter. Byron married for money to pay his debts. Robert Burns married a girl whom he courted in the plow-field. Milton parted from his wife. Napoleon Bonaparte married a widow. Franklin married the girl that saw him with the rolls under his arm. Washington married a widow. Andrew Jackson married a woman whose husband was living. Edward Lytton Bulwer married a shrew. General Fremont married the daughter of Thomas Benton by eloping. Martin Luther married a nun. Father Hyacinthe married a convert that finally converted him.

IS GRANITE DOOMED?—The Chicago fire proved that iron and freestone presented no obstacle to the spread of a great conflagration. The Boston fire equally condemns the use of granite—at least of the sort used in that city. It has been suggested to us, however, that all of the varieties of that handsomest of materials for large structures ought not to fall under the same general condemnation. The granite used in Boston is of coarse grain and when exposed to a great heat decomposes readily while the finer grained granites have far greater resisting powers. For instance, the latter sort of granite has been used much, if not exclusively, in Richmond, Va., and we are told that all of the granite structures there withstood admirably the great fire which devastated that city near the end of the war—the Custom House in particular. This is a subject which needs investigation by experts. We should not like to see granite banished from use for large public buildings and other stately structures and if there is anywhere an abundance of that material which will stand fire, the fact ought to be universally known.

TAKING DEATH COOLLY.—Penal reform has evidently been making progress in Italy. Witness a recent occurrence at Chieti, a city in the province of Naples. Ten brigands were brought to trial in a batch, and nine were condemned to death while the other was sentenced to imprisonment for twenty-five years. A writer who was an eye-witness, describes the scene when these seven sentences were solemnly pronounced by the court. All of the convicts manifested the greatest amusement; jokes were frequeatly exchanged; a snuff box was passed around and one after another took a hearty pinch, and all were at great pains to show their contempt. Then before leaving the dock they asked the names of the jury and of the prosecuting witnesses, and one of them pleasantly added: "In March or April we shall meet." All of which shows that the humanitarians of Italy have succeeded in their work so far that the criminals with which that country is overrun have learned to regard sentences of death as little pleasantries that the courts occasionally indulge in for their own amusement.

BEE STATISTICS.—The Massachusett's *Ploughman* has been writing up bee statistics, and gives them thus: Uncle Sam has bees enough to give us all a sting! There are 2,000,000 bee hives in the United States. Every hive yields on an average or a little over 22 lbs of honey. The average price at which honey is sold is 25 cents a pound; so that, after paying for their own board, our bees present us with a revenue of over $8,800,000. To reckon if another way, they make a clear gift over 1 lb of pure honey to every man, woman, and child in the vast domain of the United States. In 1860, over 23 and a ½ million pounds of wax were made and given to us by these industrious workers. The keeping of bees is one of the most profitable investments that our people can make of their money. The profits arising from the sale of surplus honey average from 50 to 200 per cent. of the apital invested.

It is recorded that in 1790 a St. Louis merchant was a man who in the corner of his cabin had a large chest which contained a few pounds of powder and shot, a few knives and hatchets, a little red paint, two or three rifles, a few tin cups and iron pots, and perhaps a little tea, coffee, sugar and spice. There was no postoffice, no ferry over the river, no newspaper.

Men often criticise girls' figures; but when a girl has a few thousand of her own, they generally think the figures about right.

Cure for Stammering.

Some years ago says Dio Lewis, a famous professor came to town where we were then residing, and announced that he could "cure the worst cases of stuttering in ten minutes without a surgical operation." A friend of ours was an inveterate case, and we advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid the fifty dollars, and soon called at our office talking as straight as a railroad track.

We were greatly astonished, and asked our friend by what miracle he had been so strangely and suddenly relieved of his life-long trouble. He most provokingly informed us that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of cure.

We knew two other bad cases—ladies—and calling upon them, reported what had come to pass.

They were soon at the professor's rooms, came away greatly elated, raised the hundred dollars, went the next day, paid the cash, and in half an hour were ready, had the question been popped, to say "Yes" without a jerk!

We were soon made acquainted with several other cures quite as remarkable, and resolved to put on our sharpest wits and wait upon the magician ourselves.

He seemed an honest man, and in two days we had made up our mind to pay him a large fee and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whomsoever we would.

Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one, but our contract gave us the privilege of using the knowledge as we pleased.

And now we propose to give the readers of this journal a simple art which has enabled us to make very happy many unhappy stammerers. In our own hands it has often failed to effect the desired result, but in three-fourths of the cases which we have treated the cure has been complete.

The secret is simply this: The stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. It is best at the first lesson to read some simple composition, like one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word, then read in a newspaper, beating each syllable.

You can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the forefinger or moving the large toe in the boot.

We doubt if the worst case of stuttering could continue long, provided the sufferer would read an hour or two every day, with thorough practice of this simple art, observing the same in his conversation.

As thousands have paid fifty and a hundred for this secret, we take great pleasure in imparting it to the patrons of this journal.

A Tidal Wave.

The researches of the United States Signal Office have just been rewarded by a beautiful and higaly important meteorological discovery. On the coast of England from time immemorial the phenomenon of the great November atmospheric wave has been the speculation of scientists and seamen, but Sir John Herschel and others have supposed that it was peculiar and confined to England and Western Europe, which it reaches from the South Atlantic, and over which it rolls its long-continued undulations from October to January, constituting an important element in the phenomenal character of European Winter. On the 12th of November a similiar atmospheric wave began to break over the shores of Oregon and British Columbia, as shown by the weather telegrams. By the evening of the 13th it had spread over nearly all of the Pacific States and Territories, Nevada and Utah, and at midnight was pouring through the passes of the Rocky Mountains. On Thursday, the 14th, it descended upon Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. On Friday morning it extended in unbroken magnitude and magnificence from Oregon and Washington Territory eastward through the great trough or depression of the Rocky Mountain backbone in Idaho and Montana, and stretched thence to the Lower Missouri and Lower Mississippi valleys and over the western shore of the Mexican Gulf. This discoverys will enable meteorologists to anticipate by many days the approach of winter, as it advances from the Pacific coast eastward in the great current of western winds. It serves to clear up the old mystery of American Winter storms, showing that they originate in the Rocky Mountains, upon whose cold and loftiest summits in Nevada, Utah, Colorado and Southern Wyoming the vapor-laden air of this wave, coming over the warm Pacific, is now seen to be condensed in the overwhelming snows of the forty-first parallel. As this vast aerial wave is probably, like the English wave, continued in successive undulations for two or three months, it may assist in explaining the comparatively high temperature and light precipitation in Winter along Puget Sound and eastward.

New York Dry Goods Market.

The week under review may be characterized as having been satisfactory in a business point of view. The market for the week has been strong both for cottons and woolens. Cotton goods have been firm and continue so.

Brown sheetings and shirtings have been in considerable activity. Conestogas, Starks and Pepperells have been severally advanced ¼c. per yard.

Bleached sheetings and shirtings have good consumptive demand for all popular styles.

Canton flannels have been in excellent demand. Prices, although firm, are unchanged.

In Brown Drills the demand is for home consumption and prices rule steady.

Ticks, Checks and Stripes are steady in price, with an advance on some makes of ticks.

Rolled Jacorets were advanced to 10 1-2c for most makes, and there has been a fair demand.

Prints have met with a fair distribution.

Dress goods have shown considerable animation. There is a good demand for plain colored cords, reps, crapes, etc.

Hosiery has been in good request from first hands and jobbers, especially for shirts and drawers. Knitted and fancy goods have not been in much demand, and prices are irregular for them.

Shawls have been very quiet in first hands. Prices continue irregular and low.

Woolens have been fairly active. Beavers have been taken freely in moderate parcels, and there has been an excellent demand for repellants, many makes of which are in short supply.

Wool Flannels have been very active, and stocks in first hands are unexceptionally light; most of the commission houses have large orders ahead, and the advanced prices are fully sustained, and some makes have a tendency to advance still further.

Blankets have been in very good demand for the advanced period of the season, and prices are very firm at the higher rates established since the Boston fire.

Failures in Society.

Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded; full of women who in the first half of their days did nothing but eat and sleep and simper, and in the last half have done nothing but perpetuate their follies and weaknesses. The world is full, I say, of such people; full of men in every trade and profession, who do not amount to anything; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without due charity, without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and thoughtful men are weary of their presence. Every boy ought to improve on his father; every girl grow into a nobler, gentler, more self-denying womanhood than the mother. No reproduction of former types will give the world the perfect type. I know not where the Millennium is, as measured by distance of time, but I do know, and so do you, that it is a great way off as measured by human growth and expansion. We have no such men and women yet, no age has ever had any, as shall stand on the earth in that age of peace that will not come until men are worthy of it.—*Rev. W. H. Murray.*

Swindling Emigrants.

Nearly 300 destitute Italian emigrants landed at Castle Garden, New York, who have been defrauded of all their money by a band of emigrant robbers. It appears that the emigrant robbers are not alone confined to New York, for the Commissioners of Emigration now have a case under consideration which exceeds in extent any kindred outrage ever perpetrated on this side the Atlantic.

A bogus colonization society in Havre have been sending its agents throughout Italy, and they have been representing many fabulous advantages offered to colonists in the Republic of Buenos Ayres and in the United States. As the result of a thorough canvass these agents succeeded in collecting at Naples nearly three hundred emigrants, principally en route for Buenos Ayres. So enraptured were the peasantry that they sold or mortgaged their cottages and small gardens to procure the passage money to a land in which they had been led to expect to find fortunes awaiting their arrival. They parted with their friends in the happiest manner, and those residing in regions apart from the thoroughfares of travel set out with their families on foot, and thus accomplished the entire journey to Naples. Many young men left home for the new world with barely enough money to defray the expenses of the trip, believing that in the unknown land they would have little need for what existed in such marvelous plenty.

They were told that the agents of the great Colonization Society would meet them at Marseilles, at Havre, and at their final destination, to show them every courtesy. They purchased their through tickes for Buenos Ayres, to the number of 280, paying for them, in many instances, borrowed money which they had secured at usurious rates of interest, and which they hoped to refund after a few weeks' sojourn in the new country of plenty. They sailed from Naples, and after several days of rough weather on the Mediterranean, reached Marseilles undaunted and more eager than ever to go forward. They were received at this port by men representing themselves as agents of this colonization company, but several say that they believe them to have been the same agents who had sold them tickets in Naples, and who had followed them by rail. A long and tedious trip through the entire length of France, in as much time as the sea voyage, and materially depleted their already scanty purses. On reaching Havre the emigrants, numbering about 290, were told that it would be many days before a vessel would leave for Buenos Ayres direct, but they were assured that such were the connections of the Society upon this side of the Atlantic that if they would proceed to New York they would be forwarded thence to their distination free of all expense.

Few of the emigrants knowing where Buenos Ayres was situated, and recognizing in the general term of America at least a part of the domain of which they were in search, all were induced to sail in the steamship Holland. They did not realize that they were going thousands of miles out of their course, but began the passage in the steerage with the assurances that they would meet with persons in New York who would procure them speedy transportation to a southern-bound steamer and rapid dispatch.

They reached New York and upon landing at Castle Garden presented their letters of introduction and reiterated their confidence in the agents of the Colonization Society. The assurances of the Commissioners of Emigration that no such society was in existence did not entirely open their eyes. They sat down on the benches in Castle Garden to await the arrival of the agents, who, as they said were coming to take care of them. They were sure of it because they had been told so.

The scene in the large hall of the Garden was a strange one. Gathered around the two large stoves, which heated to redness, gave a cheerful glow to the otherwise dismal quarter, where these wretched Italian emigrants who, stretched upon the floor or seated upon the rude benches, appeared perfectly indifferent as to the future. While this was true of the great majority, several cases were noticed which were extremely sad. Most prominent among the group was an aged father with a large family who clung to him for encouragement, and besought him for some explanation—to tell them why they did not leave such cheerless quarters and seek that beautiful country which they had heard so much about. His agony appeared too terrible, and he neither shed tears nor offered to his wife or children any words of cheer.

Many are without any baggage, this having been sent from Havre direct to Buenos Ayres by sailing vessel. Friendless and without money, they have apparently determined to remain where they are until something is done for them. They are evidently convinced that they have already done too much in the hope of improving their lot. The Emmigration Commissioners have furassist them with provisions during the past two days, but are unable to protect them against the chilliness of the weather. The women and children, who are unaccustomed to weather as severe even as the present, are suffering greatly. Superintendent Casserly of Castle Garden has written to the Italian Embassador at Washington, has informed the Consul in this city, and has made application to Dr. Ceccarini of the Health Board for the employment of a portion of the men. If no other provision is made for these destitute emigrants they will be sent in a few days to Ward's Island, and be maintained at the expense of the city. The Commissioners are naturally very anxious regarding the result.—*N. Y. Paper.*

The Steamboat Laws.

The United States Supervising Inspector-General of Steamboats, Mr. Joseph Nimmo, submitted his annual report to the Secretary of the Treasury. The report, in beginning, refers to the delays that were unavoidable in carrying the new steamboat act of Feb. 28, 1871, into full effect, so that it has now been administered a little less than eighteen months. In regard to the practical working of the law, the report says: "The general results of the law are in some measure indicated by the following statement compiled from statistics for the calendar year 1871, as compared with the average of similar statistics for the three preceding years. It may be remarked, however, that the present law was really in force only half of the year 1871. The statistics for 1872 will soon be prepared, and it is believed that the results for that year will be even more favorable.

General statement showing the losses of life and property occasioned by casualties on steam vesse's during the year 1871, as compared with the average of such losses during the three preceding years:

Number of casualties by fire, explosion, and wreck during the year 1871	65
Average during the three preceding years	91
Value of property destroyed by casualties in 1871	$3,600,662
Average during the three preceding years	4,4.9,631
Number of lives lost by casualties in 1871	269
Average during the three preceding years	377
Number of steamers inspected in 1871	2,297
Average during the three preceding years	3,110
Number of licenses issued to pilots and engineers in 1871	11,783
Average during the three preceding years	9,038

The foregoing statement shows that the average number of casualties during the year 1871 was thirty-one per cent. less than the average for the three preceding years; also that the average loss of property was nineteen per cent. less, and the average loss of life four per cent. less. At the same time, it appears that during the year 1871 the number of steamers inspected was four per cent. greater, and the number of licenses issued to pilots and engineers was eighteen per cent. greater than the average for the three preceding years. The total loss of human life on steam vessels from all causes during the year 1871 was 363, while the average loss of life during the six preceding years was 845.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—The New York and Brooklyn bridge, when completed, will have a total length of 5,862 feet, and a width of 80 feet, the central span will be 1,600 feet, with an elevation of 130 feet above high water, and at the base will be 184 feet.

A Meteor in Arkansas.

About twelve miles south of Huntsville, Madison County, occurred the most wonderful and startling phenomenon that has ever been witnessed by the citizens of that neighborhood. Near the farm of Captain Smith, sheriff of the county, some of the citizens were startled by a frightful noise like the rushing of a cannon ball through the air. On looking up, they discovered something that looked like a solid column of fire passing with tremendous velocity through the air, with a whirring, hissing sound, something like that of a shell, but many fold louder. It appeared to be from eight to ten feet in length and from four to five feet in diameter, but it was passing with such swiftness that it may have been many times larger than it appeared. When first discovered, it seemed to be several hundred feet above the earth, and was inclining in its course toward the ground, profusely emitting great sparks of fire. About a minute or two after it passed out of sight, an awful explosion was heard, that shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at a distance of fifteen miles. The truth of this statement is vouched for by several prominent citizens of the neighborhood.—*Fayetteville (Ark.) News.*

INTERNAL REVENUE.—U. S. Commissioner Douglas has matured a substitute for the proposed consolidation of internal revenue districts. The Commissioner proposes to lay it before the Ways and Means and Finance Committees as soon as Congress assembles. The President has expressed himself in its favor. The main features of the plan are the abolition of the offices of Assessor and Assistant Assessor, and the transfer of the duties now performed by them to the Collectors, and to the Internal Revenue Office itself. As there are 230 Assessors, costing, with their offices, an average of $5,000 per annum each, the reduction of expenditure on this item alone would be $1,150,000. There are 1,300 Assistant Assessors, who average $1,500 per annum each; and this would effect a further saving of $1,950,000; or an aggregate on both items of upward of $3,000,000. This would not be wholly a new saving, but there is no question but that the aggregate reduction of the expense of assessing and collecting the revenue would be over $2,000,000.

CABLE SCREW WIRE BOOTS AND SHOES.—A word of explanation may not be out of place. The cable wire acts as a screw, is strong and firm, and at the same time is elastic and comfortable. It is much preferable to the old method of pegging, and quite as soft and elastic as sewed work, but much stronger and less liable to rip, and much less expensive. We have tried the cable screw shoe, which has proved all that is claimed for it. The increase in this new method of manufacturing boots and shoes is very rapid, and promises to supersede the wood peg and waxed thread.—*The Standard, Chicago.*

For Dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, Hostetter's Bitters is a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic, and as a tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.—*Com.*

Millions of pairs of shoes tipped with metal, are sold every year. For children's shoes they are indispensable, unless one can afford the waste of buying two pairs, when only one would be needed; and few can safely submit to such a constant leak. With most people it is the little economies of the household that are the most embarrassing members with comfort, and at the same time make the load of the father of moderate means a lighter one to bear. Cents invested in the purchase of metal-tipped shoes, save many a hard-earned dollar.—*Amer. Workman.*

COUGHS AND COLDS are often overlooked; A continuance for any length of time causes irritation of the Lungs or some chronic Throat Disease. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are an effectual Cough Remedy.—[Com.

Persons who have become thoroughly chilled from any cause, may have their circulation at once restored by taking into the stomach a teaspoonful of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT mixed in a little cold water, well-sweetened.—[Com.

Every farmer who owns a good stock of horses, cattle and sheep, and intends to keep them through the winter, should get at once a good stock of SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CONDITION POWDERS. One dollar's worth will save at least a half ton of hay.—[Com.

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Rural Beauties and City Belles.—Country girls are not to wait behind their metropolitan sisters in the natural elements of loveliness, but it must be conceded that the city belles best understand the art of preserving and heightening their personal beauty. The most perfect features lose half their attraction unless the complexion is properly cared for, and if the pretty girls of the rural districts were to "come in the fair store" of the fashionable world in refined attractions, they must pay due attention to this important point. They ought to know for the fact is notorious, that HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM imparts to the skin a delicate, pearly appearance, unpreducable by any other preparation and has effected many the last twenty-two years, are the most conclusive answers that can be given to the enemies of mankind who offer volcanic eathartics as tonics, and to the mistaken beings who would refuse a medicinal stimulant to a poor, broken-down invalid, who is literally dying by inches for the want of judicious stimulation. Temperance, properly understood, counteracts no such folly as this. The State laws enacted to put down the abhorrent vice of drunkenness, provide for the sale of brandy, whisky, and other liquors as medicines; and if those adulterated liquors of trade are accepted by temperance legislators as remedies, what ought to be the general verdict of the temperance public as regards the peerless vegetable tonic based upon a stimulant absolutely pure.

Best and Oldest Family Medicine.—*Sanford's Liver Invigorator.*—A purely Vegetable Cathartic and Tonic—for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Debility, Sick-headache, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. *Beware of imitations.*—[Com.]

Do not be deceived with imitation collars with folded edges, but ask for the Elmwood with all the edges folded.—[Com.

Poor Complexions restored, and good Complexions retained, by using "The Queen's Toilet."—[Com.

Try Dooley's Yeast Powder, you will soor find it not only the best, but also the cheapest Baking Powder. Put up full, net weight.—[Com.

Few People unacquainted with physiological chemistry are aware of the quantity of iron in the blood, but all should know that importance of keeping up the supply, for debility, disease and death are sure to follow when the quantity becomes too much reduced. The Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of Iron), supplies this vital element, and has cured many chronic diseases.

Cristadoro's Excelsior Hair Dye stands unrivaled and alone. Its merits have been so universally acknowledged that it would be a supererogation to descant on them any further—nothing can beat it.—*Com.*

KING OF THE BLOOD.
FOR SALT RHEUM ERUPTIONS, SCALD HEAD, ETC.

CARE.—I have been troubled for the last thirty years with Salt Rheum on my hands. They have been so at times that I have been unable to use them for any purpose for which they were int